THE

DEATH

OF

WALLENSTEIN.

A TRAGEDY

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

FREDERICK SCHILLER

BY

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER ROW,

By G. Woodfall, No. 22, Paternoſter-Row.

1800.

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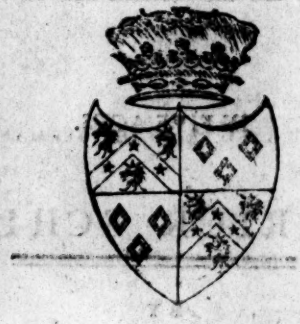

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WALLENSTEIN.

A DRAMA

IN TWO PARTS.

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WALLENSTEIN.

PREFACE

OF THE

TRANSLATOR.

THE two Dramas, PICCOLOMINI, or the firſt part of WALLENSTEIN, and WALLENSTEIN, are introduced in the original manuſcript by a Prelude in one Act, entitled WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP. This is written in rhyme, and in nine ſyllable verſe, in the ſame *lilting* metre (if that expreſſion may be permitted) with the ſecond Eclogue of Spencer's Shepherd's Calendar.

This Prelude poſſeſſes a ſort of broad humour, and is not deficient in character; but to have tranſlated it into proſe, or into any other metre than that of the original, would have given a falſe idea both of its ſtyle and purport; to have tranſlated it into the ſame metre would have been incompatible with a faithful adherence to the ſenſe of the German, from the comparative poverty of our language in rhymes; and it would have been unadviſeable from the incongruity of thoſe lax verſes with the preſent taſte of the Engliſh Public. Schiller's intention ſeems to have been merely to have prepared his reader for the Tragedies by a lively picture of the laxity of diſcipline, and the mutinous diſpoſitions of Wallenſtein's ſoldiery. It is not neceſſary as a preliminary explanation. For theſe reaſons it has been thought expedient not to tranſlate it.

The

PREFACE.

The admirers of Schiller, who have abſtracted their idea of that author from the Robbers, and the Cabal and Love, plays in which the main intereſt is produced by the excitement of curioſity, and in which the curioſity is excited by terrible and extraordinary incident, will not have peruſed without ſome portion of diſappointment the Dramas, which it has been my employment to tranſlate. They ſhould, however, reflect that theſe are Hiſtorical Dramas, taken from a popular German Hiſtory; that we muſt therefore judge of them in ſome meaſure with the feelings of Germans; or by analogy, with the intereſt excited in us by ſimilar Dramas in our own language. Few, I truſt, would be raſh or ignorant enough to compare Schiller with Shakeſpeare; yet, merely as illuſtration, I would ſay that we ſhould proceed to the peruſal of Wallenſtein, not from Lear or Othello, but from Richard the Second, or the three parts of Henry the Sixth. We ſcarcely expect rapidity in an Hiſtorical Drama; and many prolix ſpeeches are pardoned from characters, whoſe names and actions have formed the moſt amuſing tales of our early life. On the other hand, there exiſt in theſe plays more individual beauties, more paſſages, whoſe excellence will bear reflection, than in the former productions of Schiller. The deſcription of the Aſtrological Tower, and the reflections of the Young Lover, which follow it, form in the original a fine poem; and my tranſlation muſt have been wretched indeed, if it can have wholly overclouded the beauties of the Scene in the firſt Act of the firſt Play between Queſtenberg, Max. and Octavio Piccolomini. If we except the Scene of the ſetting ſun in the Robbers, I know of no part in Schiller's Plays which equals the whole of the firſt Scene of the fifth Act of the concluding

Play.

Play. It would be unbecoming in me to be more diffuſe on this ſubject. A Tranſlator ſtands connected with the original Author by a certain law of ſubordination, which makes it more decorous to point out excellencies than defects: indeed he is not likely to be a fair judge of either. The pleaſure or diſguſt from his own labour will mingle with the feelings that ariſe from an after-view of the original. Even in the firſt peruſal of a work in any foreign language which we underſtand, we are apt to attribute to it more excellence than it really poſſeſſes from our own pleaſurable ſenſe of difficulty overcome without effort. Tranſlation of poetry into poetry is difficult, becauſe the Tranſlator muſt give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception, from which ſuch brilliancy would follow of its own accord. But the Tranſlator of a living Author is encumbered with additional inconveniences. If he render his original faithfully, as to the *ſenſe* of each paſſage, he muſt neceſſarily deſtroy a conſiderable portion of the *ſpirit*; if he endeavour to give a work executed according to laws of *compenſation*, he ſubjects himſelf to imputations of vanity, or miſrepreſentation. I have thought it my duty to remain bound by the ſenſe of my original, with as few exceptions as the nature of the languages rendered poſſible.

S. T. COLERIDGE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALLENSTEIN, *Duke of Friedland, Generaliſſimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty-years War.*

DUCHESS *of* FRIEDLAND, *Wife of Wallenſtein.*

THEKLA, *her Daughter, Princeſs of Friedland.*

The COUNTESS TERTSKY, *Siſter of the Ducheſs.*

LADY NEUBRUNN.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, *Lieutenant General.*

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuiraſſiers.*

COUNT TERTSKY, *the Commander of ſeveral Regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenſtein.*

ILLO, *Field Marſhal, Wallenſtein's Confidant.*

BUTLER, *an Iriſhman, Commander of a Regiment of Dragoons.*

GORDON, *Governor of Egra.*

MAJOR GERALDIN.

CAPTAIN DEVEREUX.

——— MACDONALD.

NEUMANN, *Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-camp to Tertſky.*

SWEDISH CAPTAIN.

SENI.

BURGOMASTER, *of Egra.*

ANSPESSADE *of the Cuiraſſiers.*

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, } *Belonging to the Duke.*
A PAGE, }

CUIRASSIERS, DRAGOONS, SERVANTS.

THE

DEATH

OF

WALLENSTEIN.

ACT I.

Scene, a Chamber in the Houſe of the Ducheſs of Friedland.

SCENE I.

COUNTESS TERTSKY. THEKLA. LADY NEUBRUNN.

(*the two latter ſit at the ſame table at work.*)

COUNTESS. (*watching them from the oppoſite ſide.*)

So you have nothing, niece, to aſk me? Nothing?
I have been waiting for a word from you.
And could you then endure in all this time
Not once to ſpeak his name?
(*Thekla remaining ſilent, the Counteſs riſes and advances to her.*)
Why, how comes this?
Perhaps I am already grown ſuperfluous,
And other ways exiſt, beſides through me?
Confeſs it to me, Thekla! have you ſeen him?

THEKLA.

To-day and yeſterday I have not ſeen him.

COUNTESS.

And not heard from him either? Come, be open!

THEKLA.

No ſyllable.

COUNTESS.

And ſtill you are ſo calm?

THEKLA.

I am.

COUNTESS.

May't pleaſe you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn!

[*Exit Lady Neubrunn.*

SCENE II.

The COUNTESS. THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

It does not pleaſe me, Princeſs! that he holds
Himſelf ſo *ſtill*, exactly at *this* time.

THEKLA.

Exactly at *this* time?

COUNTESS.

He now knows all.
'Twere now the moment to declare himſelf.

THEKLA.

If I'm to underſtand you, ſpeak leſs darkly.

COUNTESS.

'Twas for that purpoſe that I bade her leave us.

Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart
Is now no more in nonage: for you love,
And boldneſs dwells with love—that *you* have
prov'd.
Your nature moulds itſelf upon your father's
More than your mother's ſpirit. Therefore may you
Hear, what were too much for her fortitude.

THEKLA.

Enough! no further preface, I intreat you.
At once, out with it! Be it what it may,
It is not poſſible that it ſhould torture me
More than this introduction. What have you
To ſay to me? Tell me the whole, and briefly!

COUNTESS.

You'll not be frighten'd—

THEKLA.

Name it, I intreat you.

COUNTESS.

It lies within your power to do your father
A weighty ſervice—

THEKLA.

Lies within *my* power?

COUNTESS.

Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him
Indiſſolubly to your father.

THEKLA.

I?
What need of me for that? And is he not
Already link'd to him?

COUNTESS.

He was.

THEKLA.

And wherefore
Should he not be ſo now—not be ſo always?

COUNTESS.

He cleaves to th' Emp'ror too.

THEKLA.

Not more than duty
And honour may demand of him.

COUNTESS.

We aſk
Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honour.
Duty and honour!
Thoſe are ambiguous words with many meanings.
You ſhould interpret them for him: his love
Should be the ſole definer of his honour.

THEKLA.

How?

COUNTESS.

Th' Emperor or you muſt he renounce.

THEKLA.

He will accompany my father gladly
In his retirement. From himſelf you heard,
How much he wiſh'd to lay aſide the ſword.

COUNTESS.

He muſt *not* lay the ſword aſide, we mean;
He muſt unſheath it in your father's cauſe.

THEKLA.

THEKLA.

He'll ſpend with gladneſs and alacrity
His life, his heart's blood in my father's cauſe,
If ſhame or injury be intended him.

COUNTESS.

You will not underſtand me. Well, hear then!
Your father has fallen off from the Emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole ſoldiery—

THEKLA.

Alas, my mother!

COUNTESS.

There needs a great example to draw on
The army after him. The Piccolomini
Poſſeſs the love and rev'rence of the troops;
They govern all opinions, and wherever
They lead the way, none heſitate to follow.
The ſon ſecures the father to our intereſts—
You've much in your hands at this moment.

THEKLA.

Ah,
My miſerable mother! what a death-ſtroke
Awaits thee!—No! She never will ſurvive it.

COUNTESS.

She will accommodate her ſoul to that
Which is and muſt be. I do know your mother.
The far-off future weighs upon her heart
With torture of anxiety; but is it
Unalterably, actually preſent,
She ſoon reſigns herſelf, and bears it calmly.

THEKLA.

O my fore-boding boſom! Even now,
E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!
And my young hope lies ſhuddering in its graſp.
I knew it well—no ſooner had I enter'd,
An heavy ominous preſentiment
Reveal'd to me, that ſpirits of death were hov'ring
Over my happy fortune. But why think I
Firſt of myſelf? My mother! O my mother!

COUNTESS.

Calm yourſelf! Break not out in vain lamenting!
Preſerve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourſelf the lover, all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.

THEKLA.

Prove *good?* What good?
Muſt we not part? Part ne'er to meet again?

COUNTESS.

He parts not from you! He *can* not part from you.

THEKLA.

Alas for his ſore anguiſh! It will rend
His heart aſunder.

COUNTESS.

If indeed he loves you,
His reſolution will be ſpeedily taken.

THEKLA.

His reſolution will be ſpeedily taken—
O do not doubt of that! A reſolution!
Does there remain one to be *taken?*

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

Huſh!
Collect yourſelf! I hear your mother coming.

THEKLA.

How ſhall I bear to ſee her?

COUNTESS.

Collect yourſelf.

SCENE III.

To them enter the DUCHESS.

DUCHESS. *(to the Counteſs.)*

Who was here, ſiſter? I heard ſome one talking,
And paſſionately too.

COUNTESS.

Nay! There was no one.

DUCHESS.

I am grown ſo timorous, every trifling noiſe
Scatters my ſpirits, and announces to me
The footſtep of ſome meſſenger of evil.
And can you tell me, ſiſter, what the event is?
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleaſure,
And ſend th' horſe-regiments to the Cardinal?
Tell me, has he diſmiſs'd Von Queſtenberg
With a favourable anſwer?

COUNTESS.

No, he has not.

DUCHESS.

Alas! then all is loſt! I ſee it coming,
The worſt that can come! Yes, they will depoſe him;
The accurſed buſineſs of the Regenſpurg diet
Will all be acted o'er again!

COUNTESS.

No! never!
Make your heart eaſy, ſiſter, as to that.
(*Thekla, in extreme agitation, throws herſelf upon her mother, and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.*)

DUCHESS.

Yes, my poor child!
Thou too haſt loſt a moſt affectionate godmother
In th' Empreſs. O that ſtern unbending man!
In this unhappy marriage what have I
Not ſuffer'd, not endur'd. For ev'n as if
I had been link'd on to ſome wheel of fire
That reſtleſs, ceaſeleſs, whirls impetuous onward,
I have paſt a life of frights and horrors with him,
And ever to the brink of ſome Abyſs
With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me.
Nay, do not weep, my child! Let not my ſuff'rings
Preſignify unhappineſs to thee,
Nor blacken with their ſhade, the *fate* that waits thee.
There lives no ſecond Friedland: thou, my child,
Haſt not to fear thy mother's deſtiny.

THEKLA.

O let us ſupplicate him, deareſt mother!
Quick! quick! here's no abiding-place for us.

Here

Here every coming hour broods into life
Some new affrightful monſter.

DUCHESS.

Thou wilt ſhare
An eaſier, calmer lot, my child! We too,
I and thy father, witneſs'd happy days.
Still think I with delight of thoſe firſt years,
When he was making progreſs with glad effort,
When his ambition was a genial fire,
Not that conſuming *flame* which now it is.
The Emperor lov'd him, truſted him; and all
He undortook, could not but be ſucceſsful.
But ſince that ill-ſtarr'd day at Regenſpurg,
Which plung'd him headlong from his dignity,
A gloomy uncompanionable ſpirit,
Unſteady and ſuſpicious, has poſſeſs'd him.
His quiet mind forſook him, and no longer
Did he yield up himſelf in joy and faith
To his old luck, and individual power;
But thenceforth turn'd his heart and beſt affections
All to thoſe cloudy ſciences, which never
Have yet made happy him who followed them.

COUNTESS.

You ſee it, ſiſter! as *your* eyes permit you.
But ſurely this is not the converſation
To paſs the time in which we are waiting for him.
You know he will be ſoon here. Would you have him
Find *her* in this condition?

DUCHESS.

DUCHESS.

Come, my child!
Come wipe away thy tears, and ſhew thy father
A chearful countenance. See, the tie-knot here
Is off—this hair muſt not hang ſo diſhevell'd.
Come, deareſt! dry thy tears up. They deform
Thy gentle eye—well now—what was I ſaying?
Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini
Is a moſt noble and deſerving gentleman.

COUNTESS.

That is he, ſiſter!

THEKLA.

(*to the Counteſs, with marks of great oppreſſion of ſpirits.*)
Aunt, you will excuſe me? *(is going)*

COUNTESS.

But whither? See, your father comes.

THEKLA.

I cannot ſee him now.

COUNTESS.

Nay, but bethink you.

THEKLA.

Believe me, I cannot ſuſtain his preſence.

COUNTESS.

But he will miſs you, will aſk after you.

DUCHESS.

What now? Why is ſhe going?

COUNTESS.

She's not well.

DUCHESS.

DUCHESS. *(anxiouſly.)*

What ails then my beloved child?

(both follow the Princeſs, and endeavour to detain her. During this Wallenſtein appears, engaged in converſation with Illo.)

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN. ILLO. COUNTESS. DUCHESS. THEKLA.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the camp?

ILLO.

It is all quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

In a few hours may couriers come from Prague
With tidings, that this capital is ours.
Then we may drop the maſk, and to the troops
Aſſembled in this town make known the meaſure
And it's reſult together. In ſuch caſes
Example does the whole. Whoever is foremoſt
Still leads the herd. An imitative creature
Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,
Than that the Pilſen army has gone through
The forms of homage to us; and in Pilſen
They ſhall ſwear fealty to us, becauſe
The example has been given them by Prague.
Butler, you tell me, has declared himſelf.

ILLO.

At his own bidding, unſolicited,
He came to offer you himſelf and regiment.

WALLENSTEIN.

WALLENSTEIN.

I find we muſt not give implicit credence
To every warning voice that makes itſelf
Be liſten'd to in th' heart. To hold us back,
Oft does the lying ſpirit counterfeit
The voice of Truth and inward Revelation,
Scatt'ring falſe oracles. And thus have I
To intreat forgiveneſs, for that ſecretly
I've wrong'd this honourable gallant man,
This Butler: for a feeling, of the which
I am not maſter, (*fear* I would not call it)
Creeps o'er me inſtantly, with ſenſe of ſhudd'ring,
At his approach, and ſtops love's joyous motion.
And this ſame man, againſt whom I am warn'd,
This honeſt man is he, who reaches to me
The firſt pledge of my fortune.

ILLO.

And doubt not
That his example will win over to you
The beſt men in the army.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go and ſend
Iſolani hither. Send him immediately.
He is under recent obligations to me.
With him will I commence the trial. Go.

[ILLO. *Exit.*

WALLENSTEIN. (*turns himſelf round to the females*)
Lo, there the mother with the darling daughter,
For once we'll have an interval of reſt—
Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudleſs hour
In the beloved circle of my family.

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

'Tis long ſince we've been thus together, brother.

WALLENSTEIN. (*to the Counteſs, aſide.*)

Can ſhe ſuſtain the news? Is ſhe prepar'd?

COUNTESS.

Not yet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come here, my ſweet girl! Seat thee by me.
For there is a good ſpirit on thy lips.
Thy mother prais'd to me thy ready ſkill:
She ſays a voice of melody dwells in thee,
Which doth enchant the ſoul. Now ſuch a voice
Will drive away for me the evil dæmon
That beats his black wings cloſe above my head.

DUCHESS.

Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father
Hear ſome ſmall trial of thy ſkill.

THEKLA.

My mother!
I—

DUCHESS.

Trembling? Come, collect thyſelf. Go, cheer
Thy father.

THEKLA.

O my mother! I—I cannot.

COUNTESS.

How, what is that, niece?

THEKLA. (*to the Counteſs.*)

O ſpare me—ſing—now—in this ſore anxiety,
Of the o'erburthen'd ſoul—to ſing to *him*,
Who

Who is thruſting, even now, my mother headlong
Into her grave.

DUCHESS.

How, Thekla? Humourſome?
What! ſhall thy father have expreſs'd a wiſh
In vain?

COUNTESS.

Here is the lute.

THEKLA.

My God! how can I—

(*The orcheſtra plays. During the ritornello Thekla expreſſes in her geſtures and countenance the ſtruggle of her feelings; and at the moment that ſhe ſhould begin to ſing, contracts herſelf together, as one ſhuddering, throws the inſtrument down, and retires abruptly.*)

DUCHESS.

My child! O ſhe is ill—

WALLENSTEIN.

What ails the maiden?
Say, is ſhe often ſo?

COUNTESS.

Since then herſelf
Has now betray'd it, I too muſt no longer
Conceal it.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

COUNTESS.

She loves him!

WALLENSTEIN.

WALLENSTEIN.

Loves him! Whom?

COUNTESS.

Max. does ſhe love? Max. Piccolomini.
Haſt thou ne'er notic'd it? Nor yet my ſiſter?

DUCHESS.

Was it this that lay ſo heavy on her heart?
God's bleſſing on thee, my ſweet child! Thou need'ſt
Never take ſhame upon thee for thy choice.

COUNTESS.

This journey, if 'twere not thy aim, aſcribe it
To thine own ſelf. Thou ſhould'ſt have choſen another
To have attended her.

WALLENSTEIN.

And does he know it?

COUNTESS.

Yes, and he hopes to win her.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hopes to win her!
Is the boy mad?

COUNTESS.

Well—hear it from themſelves.

WALLENSTEIN.

He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter!
Ay?—The thought pleaſes me.
The young man has no grovelling ſpirit.

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

Since
Such and ſuch conſtant favour you have ſhewn him.

WALLENSTEIN.

He chuſes finally to be my heir.
And true it is, I love the youth; yea, honour him.
But muſt he therefore be my daughter's huſband?
Is it daughters only? Is it only children
That we muſt ſhew our favour by?

DUCHESS.

His noble diſpoſition and his manners—

WALLENSTEIN.

Win him my heart, but not my daughter.

DUCHESS.

Then
His rank, his anceſtors—

WALLENSTEIN.

Anceſtors! What?
He is a ſubject, and my ſon-in-law
I will ſeek out upon the thrones of Europe.

DUCHESS.

O deareſt Albrecht! Climb we not too high,
Leſt we ſhould fall too low.

WALLENSTEIN.

What? have I paid
A price ſo heavy to aſcend this eminence,
And jut out high above the common herd,
Only to cloſe the mighty part I play

In

In Life's great Drama, with a common kinſman?
Have I for this—

(*ſtops ſuddenly, repreſſing himſelf.*)

She is the only thing
That will remain behind of me on earth;
And I will ſee a crown around her head,
Or die in the attempt to place it there.
I hazard all—all! and for this alone,
To lift her into greatneſs—
Yea, in this moment, in the which we are ſpeaking—

(*he recollects himſelf*)

And I muſt now, like a ſoft-hearted father,
Couple together in good peaſant faſhion
The pair, that chance to ſuit each other's liking—
And I muſt do it now, even now, when I
Am ſtretching out the wreath, that is to twine
My full accompliſh'd work—no! ſhe is the jewel,
Which I have treaſur'd long, my laſt, my nobleſt,
And 'tis my purpoſe not to let her from me
For leſs than a king's ſceptre.

DUCHESS.

O my huſband!
You're ever building, building to the clouds,
Still building higher, and ſtill higher building,
And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow baſis
Cannot ſuſtain the giddy tottering column.

WALLENSTEIN. (*to the Counteſs.*)

Have you announc'd the place of reſidence
Which I have deſtin'd for her?

COUNTESS.

No! not yet.
'Twere better, you yourſelf diſclos'd it to her.

DUCHESS.

How? Do we not return to Kärn then?

WALLENSTEIN.

No.

DUCHESS.

And to no other of your lands or ſeats?

WALLENSTEIN.

You would not be ſecure there.

DUCHESS.

Not ſecure
In the Emperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's Protection?

WALLENSTEIN.

Friedland's wife may be permitted
No longer to hope *that.*

DUCHESS.

O God in heaven!
And have you brought it even to this?

WALLENSTEIN.

In Holland
You'll find protection.

DUCHESS.

In a Lutheran country?
What? And you ſend us into Lutheran countries?

WALLENSTEIN.

Duke Franz of Lauenburg conducts you thither.

DUCHESS.

DUCHESS.

Duke Franz of Lauenberg?
The ally of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor's enemies are mine no longer.

DUCHESS.

(caſting a look of terror on the Duke and the Counteſs.)

Is it then true? It is. You are degraded?
Depos'd from the command? O God in heaven!

COUNTESS. *(aſide to the Duke.)*

Leave her in this belief. Thou ſeeſt ſhe cannot
Support the real truth.

SCENE V.

To them enter COUNT TERTSKY.

COUNTESS.

—TERTSKY!
What ails him? What an image of affright!
He looks as he had ſeen a ghoſt.

TERTSKY.

(leading Wallenſtein aſide.)

Is it thy command that all the Croats—

WALLENSTEIN.

Mine!

TERTSKY.

We are betray'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

TERTSKY.

They are off! This night
The Jägers likewiſe—all the villages
In the whole round are empty.

WALLENSTEIN.

Iſolani?

TERTSKY.

Him thou haſt ſent away. Yes, ſurely.

WALLENSTEIN.

I?

TERTSKY.

No! Haſt thou not ſent him off? Nor Deodate?
They are vaniſh'd both of them.

SCENE VI.

To them enter ILLO.

ILLO.

Has Tertſky told thee?

TERTSKY.

He knows all.

ILLO.

And likewiſe
That Eſterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,
Kolatto, Palfi, have forſaken thee.

TERTSKY.

Damnation!

WALLENSTEIN. (*winks to them.*)

Huſh!

COUNTESS.

(*who has been watching them anxiouſly from the diſtance, and now advances to them.*)

Tertſky! Heaven! What is it? What has happened?

WALLENSTEIN. (*ſcarcely ſuppreſſing his emotions.*)

Nothing! Let us be gone!

TERTSKY. (*following him.*)

Thereſa, it is nothing.

COUNTESS. (*holding him back.*)

Nothing? Do I not ſee, that all the life blood
Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghoſt?
That even my brother but affects a calmneſs?

PAGE. (*enters.*)

An Aid-de-Camp enquires for the Count Tertſky.

(*Tertſky follows the Page*)

WALLENSTEIN.

Go, hear his buſineſs.

(*to Illo*)

This could not have happened
So unſuſpected without mutiny.
Who was on guard at the gates?

ILLO.

'Twas Tiefenbach.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,
And Tertſky's grenadiers relieve him.

(*Illo is going*)

Stop!

Haſt thou heard aught of Butler?

ILLO.

Him I met,
He will be here himſelf immediately.
Butler remains unſhaken.

(*Illo exit. Wallenſtein is following him.*)

COUNTESS.

Let him not leave thee, ſiſter! go, detain him!
There's ſome misfortune.

DUCHESS. (*clinging to him.*)

Gracious heaven! What is it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Be tranquil! leave me, ſiſter! deareſt wife!
We are in camp, and this is nought unuſual;
Here ſtorm and ſunſhine follow one another
With rapid interchanges. Theſe fierce ſpirits
Champ the curb angrily, and never yet
Did quiet bleſs the temples of the leader.
If I am to ſtay, go you. The plaints of women
Ill ſuit the ſcene where men muſt act.

(*He is going: Tertſky returns.*)

TERTSKY.

Remain here. From this window muſt we ſee it.

WALLENSTEIN. (*to the Counteſs.*)

Siſter, retire!

COUNTESS.

No—never.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis my will.

TERTSKY.

TERTSKY. (*leads the Counteſs aſide, and drawing her attention to the Ducheſs.*)
Thereſa!

DUCHESS.
Siſter, come! ſince he commands it.

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN. TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN. (*ſtepping to the window.*)
What now, then?

TERTSKY.
There are ſtrange movements among all the troops,
And no one knows the cauſe. Myſteriouſly,
With gloomy ſilentneſs, the ſeveral corps
Marſhal themſelves, each under its own banners.
Tiefenbach's corps make threatening movements; only
The Pappenheimers ſtill remain aloof
In their own quarters, and let no one enter.

WALLENSTEIN.
Does Piccolomini appear among them?

TERTSKY.
We are ſeeking him: he is no where to be met with.

WALLENSTEIN.
What did the Aide-de-Camp deliver to you?

TERTSKY.
My regiments had diſpatched him; yet once more

They ſwear fidelity to thee, and wait
The ſhout for onſet, all prepar'd, and eager.

WALLENSTEIN.

But whence aroſe this larum in the camp?
It ſhould have been kept ſecret from the army,
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

TERTSKY.

O that thou hadſt believ'd me! Yeſter evening
Did we conjure thee not to let that ſkulker,
That fox, Octavio, paſs the gates of Pilſen.
Thou gav'ſt him thy own horſes to flee from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

The old tune ſtill! Now, once for all, no more
Of this ſuſpicion—it is doting folly.

TERTSKY.

Thou did'ſt confide in Iſolani too;
And lo! he was the firſt that did deſert thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was but yeſterday I reſcued him
From abject wretchedneſs. Let that go by.
I never reckon'd yet on gratitude.
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me?
He follows ſtill the god whom all his life
He has worſhipp'd at the gaming table. With
My FORTUNE, and my ſeeming deſtiny,
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.
I am but the ſhip in which his hopes were ſtow'd,
And with the which well-pleas'd and confident
He travers'd the open ſea; now he beholds it
In eminent jeopardy among the coaſt-rocks,

And

And hurries to preſerve his wares. As light
As the free bird from the hoſpitable twig
Where it had neſted, he flies off from me:
No human tie is ſnapp'd betwixt us two.
Yea, he deſerves to find himſelf deceiv'd,
Who ſeeks a heart in the unthinking man.
Like ſhadows on a ſtream, the forms of life
Impreſs their characters on the ſmooth forehead,
Nought ſinks into the boſom's ſilent depth:
Quick ſenſibility of pain and pleaſure
Moves the light fluids lightly; but no ſoul
Warmeth the inner frame.

TERTSKY.

Yet, would I rather
Truſt the ſmooth brow than that deep furrow'd one.

SCENE VIII.

WALLENSTEIN. TERTSKY. ILLO.
(who enters agitated with rage.)

ILLO.

Treaſon and mutiny!

TERTSKY.

And what further now?

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's ſoldiers, when I gave the orders
To go off guard—Mutinous villains!

TERTSKY.

Well?

WALLENSTEIN.

What follow'd?

ILLO.

They refus'd obedience to them.

TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Fire on them inſtantly! Give out the order,

WALLENSTEIN.

Gently! What cauſe did they aſſign?

ILLO.

No other,
They ſaid, had right to iſſue orders but
Lieutenant-General *Piccolomini*.

WALLENSTEIN. (*in a convulſion of agony.*)

What? How is that?

ILLO.

He takes that office on him by commiſſion,
Under ſign-manual of the Emperor.

TERTSKY.

From th' Emp'ror—hear'ſt thou, Duke?

ILLO.

At his incitement
The Generals made that ſtealthy flight—

TERTSKY.

Duke! hear'ſt thou?

ILLO.

Caraffa too, and Montecuculi,
Are miſſing, with ſix other Generals,
All whom he had induc'd to follow him.
This plot he has long had in writing by him
From the Emperor; but 'twas finally concluded
With all the detail of the operation
Some days ago with the Envoy Queſtenberg.
(*Wallenſtein ſinks down into a chair and covers his face.*)

TERTSKY.

O hadſt thou but believed me!

SCENE

SCENE IX.

To them enter the COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

This ſuſpenſe,
This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it.
For heaven's ſake, tell me, what has taken place,

ILLO.

The regiments are all falling off from us.

TERTSKY.

Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.

COUNTESS.

O my foreboding! (*ruſhes out of the room.*)

TERTSKY.

Hadſt thou but believ'd me!
Now ſeeſt thou how the ſtars have lied to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

The ſtars lie not; but we have here a work
Wrought counter to the ſtars and deſtiny.
The ſcience is ſtill honeſt: this falſe heart
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.
On a divine law divination reſts;
Where nature deviates from that law, and ſtumbles
Out of her limits, there all ſcience errs.
True, I did not ſuſpect! Were it ſuperſtition
Never by ſuch ſuſpicion t' have affronted
The human form, O may that time ne'er come
In which I ſhame me of th' infirmity.
The wildeſt ſavage drinks not with the victim,

Into

In whoſe breaſt he means to plunge the ſword.
This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed:
'Twas not thy prudence that did conquer mine;
A bad heart triumph'd o'er an honeſt one.
No ſhield receiv'd the aſſaſſin ſtroke; thou plungeſt
Thy weapon on an unprotected breaſt—
Againſt ſuch weapons I am but a child.

SCENE X.

To theſe enter BUTLER.

TERTSKY. *(meeting him.)*

O look there! Butler! Here we've ſtill a friend!

WALLENSTEIN.

(meets him with outſpread arms, and embraces him with warmth.)

Come to my heart, old comrade! Not the ſun
Looks out upon us more revivingly
In the earlieſt month of ſpring,
Than a friend's countenance in ſuch an hour.

BUTLER.

My General! I come—

WALLENSTEIN.

(leaning on Butler's ſhoulder.)

Know'ſt thou already?
That old man has betray'd me to the Emperor.
What ſay'ſt thou? Thirty years have we together
Liv'd out, and held out, ſharing joy and hardſhip.
We have ſlept in one camp-bed, drunk from one glaſs,

One

One morſel ſhar'd! I lean'd myſelf on *him*,
As now I lean me on *thy* faithful ſhoulder.
And now in the very moment, when, all love,
All confidence, my boſom beat to his,
He ſees and takes the advantage, ſtabs the knife
Slowly into my heart.

(*he hides his face in Butler's breaſt.*)

BUTLER.

Forget the falſe one.
What is your preſent purpoſe?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well remember'd!
Courage, my ſoul! I am ſtill rich in friends,
Still lov'd by Deſtiny; for in the moment,
That it unmaſks the plotting hypocrite,
It ſends and proves to me one *faithful* heart.
Of the hypocrite no more! Think not, his loſs
Was that which ſtruck the pang: O no! his treaſon
Is that which ſtrikes this pang! No more of him!
Dear to my heart, and honour'd were they both,
And the young man—yes—he *did* truly love me,
He—he—has not deceiv'd me. But enough,
Enough of this—Swift counſel now beſeems us.
The Courier, whom Count Kinſky ſent from Prague,
I expect him every moment: and whatever
He may bring with him, we muſt take good care
To keep it from the mutineers. Quick, then!
Diſpatch ſome meſſenger you can rely on
To meet him, and conduct him to me.

(*Illo is going.*)

BUTLER. (*detaining him.*)

My General, whom expect you then?

WAL-

WALLENSTEIN.

The Courier
Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

BUTLER. (*hesitating.*)

Hem!

WALLENSTEIN.

And what now?

BUTLER.

You do not know it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well?

BUTLER.

From what that larum in the camp arose?

WALLENSTEIN.

From what?

BUTLER.

That Courier

WALLENSTEIN. (*with eager expectation.*)

Well?

BUTLER.

Is already here.

TERTSKY *and* ILLO. (*at the same time.*)

Already here?

WALLENSTEIN.

My Courier?

BUTLER.

For some hours.

WALLENSTEIN.

And I not know it?

BUTLER.

The centinels detain him
In cuſtody.

ILLO. (*ſtamping with his foot.*)

Damnation!

BUTLER.

And his letter
Was broken open, and is circulated
Through the whole camp.

WALLENSTEIN.

You know what it contains?

BUTLER.

Queſtion me not!

TERTSKY.

Illo! alas for us!

WALLENSTEIN.

Hide nothing from me—I can hear the worſt.
Prague then is loſt. It is. Confeſs it freely.

BUTLER.

Yes! Prague *is* loſt. And all the ſeveral regiments
At Budweiſs, Tabor, Braunau, Konigingratz,
At Brun, and Znaym, have forſaken you,
And ta'en the oaths of fealty anew
To the Emperor. Yourſelf, with Kinſky, Tertſky,
And Illo have been ſentenc'd.

(*Tertſky and Illo expreſs alarm and fury. Wallenſtein remains firm and collected.*)

WALLENSTEIN.

Tis decided!

'Tis

'Tis well! I have receiv'd a ſudden cure
From all the pangs of doubt: with ſteady ſtream
Once more my life-blood flows! My ſoul's ſecure!
In the night only Friedland's ſtars can beam.
Ling'ring, irreſolute, with fitful fears
I drew the ſword—'twas with an inward ſtrife,
While yet the choice was mine. The murd'rous knife
Is lifted for my heart! Doubt diſappears!
I fight now for my head and for my life.
[*Exit Wallenſtein, the others follow him.*

SCENE XI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY. (*enters from a ſide room.*)
I can endure no longer. No!
(*looks around her.*)
Where are they?
No one is here. They leave me all alone,
Alone in this ſore anguiſh of ſuſpenſe.
And I muſt wear the outward ſhew of calmneſs
Before my ſiſter, and ſhut in within me
The pangs and agonies of my crowded boſom.
It is not to be borne.—If all ſhould fail;
If—if he muſt go over to the Swedes,
An empty-handed fugitive, and not
As an ally, a covenanted equal,
A proud commander with his army following;
If we muſt wander on from land to land,
Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatneſs

An ignominious monument—But no!
That day I will not ſee! And could himſelf
Endure to ſink ſo low, I would not bear
To ſee him ſo low ſunken.

SCENE XII.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

THEKLA. (*endeavouring to hold back the Ducheſs.*)
Dear mother, do ſtay here!

DUCHESS.
No! Here is yet
Some frightful myſtery that is hidden from me.
Why does my ſiſter ſhun me? Don't I ſee her
Full of ſuſpenſe and anguiſh roam about
From room to room?—Art thou not full of terror?
And what import theſe ſilent nods and geſtures
Which ſtealthwiſe thou exchangeſt with her?

THEKLA.
Nothing;
Nothing, dear mother!

DUCHESS. (*to the Counteſs.*)
Siſter, I will know.

COUNTESS.
What boots it now to hide it from her? Sooner
Or later ſhe *muſt* learn to hear and bear it.
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity,

Courage beſeems us now, a heart collect,
And exerciſe and previous diſcipline
Of fortitude. One word, and over with it!
Siſter, you are deluded. You believe,
The Duke has been depos'd—The Duke is not
Depos'd—he is——

THEKLA. *(going to the Counteſs.)*
What? do you wiſh to kill her?

COUNTESS.
The Duke is———

THEKLA. (*Throwing her arms round her mother.*)
O ſtand firm! ſtand firm, my mother!

COUNTESS.
Revolted is the Duke, he is preparing
To join the enemy, the army leave him,
And all has fail'd.

(*During theſe words the Ducheſs totters, and falls in a fainting-fit into the arms of her daughter. While Thekla is calling for help, the curtain drops.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

Scene, a ſpacious Room in the Duke of Friedland's Palace.

SCENE I.

WALLENSTEIN. *(in armour.)*

Thou haſt gain'd thy point, Octavio! Once more am I
Almoſt as friendleſs as at Regenſpurg.
There I had nothing left me, but myſelf—
But what one man can do, you have now experience.
The twigs have you hew'd off, and here I ſtand
A leafleſs trunk. But in the ſap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May ſprout forth from it. Once already have I
Prov'd myſelf worth an army to you—I alone!
Before the Swediſh ſtrength your troops had melted;
Beſide the Lech ſunk Tilly, your laſt hope;
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,
Did that Guſtavus pour, and at Vienna
In his own palace did the Emperor tremble.
Soldiers were ſcarce, for ſtill the multitude
Follow the luck: all eyes were turn'd on me,
Their helper in diſtreſs: the Emperor's pride
Bow'd itſelf down before the man he had injur'd.
'Twas I muſt riſe, and with creative word

Aſſemble forces in the deſolate camps.
I did it. Like a god of war, my name
Went thro' the world. The drum was beat—
and, lo!
The plough, the work-ſhop is forſaken, all
Swarm to the old familiar long-lov'd banners;
And as the wood-choir rich in melody
Aſſemble quick around the bird of wonder,
When firſt his throat ſwells with his magic ſong,
So did the warlike youth of Germany
Croud in around the image of my eagle.
I feel myſelf the being that I was.
It is the ſoul that builds itſelf a body,
And Friedland's camp will not remain unfill'd.
Lead then your thouſands out to meet me—true!
They are accuſtom'd under me to conquer,
But not againſt me. If the head and limbs
Separate from each other, 'twill be ſoon
Made manifeſt, in which the ſoul abode.

(Illo and Tertſky enter.)

Courage, friends! Courage! We are ſtill unvanquiſh'd;
I feel my footing firm; five regiments, Tertſky,
Are ſtill our own, and Butler's gallant troops;
And an hoſt of ſixteen thouſand Swedes to-morrow.
I was not ſtronger, when nine years ago
I march'd forth, with glad heart and high of hope,
To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEINN, ILLO, TERTSKY. (*To them enter* NEUMANN, *who leads Tertſky aſide, and talks with him.*)

TERTSKY.

What do they want?

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

TERTSKY.

Ten Cuiraſſiers
From Pappenheim requeſt leave to addreſs you
In the name of the regiment.

WALLENSTEIN. (*haſtily, to Neumann.*)

Let them enter.

[*Exit Neumann.*

This
May end in ſomething. Mark you. They are ſtill
Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO, TEN CUIRASSIERS. *(led by an Anſpeſſade*, march up and arrange themſelves, after the word of command, in one front before the Duke, and make their obeiſances. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himſelf again.)*

ANSPESSADE.

Halt! Front! Preſent!

WALLENSTEIN. *(after he has run through them with his eye, to the Anſpeſſade.)*

I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggin in Flanders:
Thy name is Mercy.

ANSPESSADE.

Henry Mercy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wert cut off on the march, ſurrounded by the Heſſians, and didſt fight thy way with an hundred and eighty men thro' their thouſand.

ANSPESSADE.

'Twas even ſo, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

What reward hadſt thou for this gallant exploit?

* Anſpeſſade, in German, Gefreiter, a ſoldier inferior to a corporal, but above the centinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

ANSPES-

ANSPESSADE.

That which I aſk'd for: the honour to ſerve in this corps.

WALLENSTEIN. (*turning to a ſecond.*)

Thou wert among the volunteers that ſeized and made booty of the Swediſh battery at Altenburg.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Yes, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. (*a pauſe.*) Who ſends you?

ANSPESSADE.

Your noble regiment, the Cuiraſſiers of Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Why does not your colonel deliver in your requeſt, according to the cuſtom of ſervice?

ANSPESSADE.

Becauſe we would firſt know *whom* we ſerve.

WALLENSTEIN.

Begin your addreſs.

ANSPESSADE. (*giving the word of command.*)

Shoulder your arms!

WALLENSTEIN. (*turning to a third.*)

Thy name is Riſbeck, Cologne is thy birthplace.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

Riſbeck of Cologne.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was thou that broughteſt in the Swediſh colonel, Diebald, priſoner, in the camp at Nurenburg.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

It was not I, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother, thou hadſt a younger brother too: Where did he ſtay?

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

He is ſtationed at Olmutz with the Imperial army.

WALLENSTEIN. (*to the Anſpeſſade.*)

Now then—begin.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us——

WALLENSTEIN. (*interrupting him.*)

Who choſe you?

ANSPESSADE.

Every company
Drew its own man by lot.

WALLENSTEIN.

Now! to the buſineſs.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us collectively, from thee
All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Becauſe thou wert an enemy and traitor.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what did you determine?

ANSPES-

ANSPESSADE.

All our comrades
At Brunau, Budweiſs, Prague and Olmutz, have
Obey'd already, and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toſcana, inſtantly
Did follow their example. But—but we
Do not believe that thou art an enemy
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely
For lie and trick, and a trump'd up Spaniſh ſtory!
(with warmth.)
Thyſelf ſhalt tell us what thy purpoſe is,
For we have found thee ſtill ſincere and true:
No mouth ſhall interpoſe itſelf betwixt
The gallant General aud the gallant troops.

WALLENSTEIN.

Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers.

ANSPESSADE.

And this propoſal makes thy regiment to thee:
Is it thy purpoſe merely to preſerve
In thy own hands this military ſceptre,
Which ſo becomes thee, which the Emperor
Made over to thee by a covenant;
Is it thy purpoſe merely to remain
Supreme commander of the Auſtrian armies;
We will ſtand by thee, General! and guarantee
Thy honeſt rights againſt all oppoſition.
And ſhould it chance, that all the other regiments
Turn from thee, by ourſelves will we ſtand forth
Thy faithful ſoldiers, and, as is our duty,
Far rather let ourſelves be cut to pieces,
Than ſuffer thee to fall. But if it be

As the Emperor's letter ſays, if it be true,
That thou in trait'rous wiſe wilt lead us over
To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!
Then we too will forſake thee, and obey
That letter——

WALLENSTEIN.

Hear me, children!

ANSPESSADE.

Yes, or no!
There needs no other anſwer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yield attention.
You're men of ſenſe, examine for yourſelves;
Ye think, and do not follow with the herd:
And therefore have I always ſhewn you honour
Above all others, ſuffer'd you to reaſon;
Have treated you as free men, and my orders
Were but the echoes of your prior ſuff'rage.—

ANSPESSADE.

Moſt fair and noble has thy conduct been
To us, my General! With thy confidence
Thou haſt honour'd us, and ſhewn us grace and favour
Beyond all other regiments; and thou ſee'ſt
We follow not the common herd. We will
Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—
Thy word ſhall ſatisfy us, that it is not
A treaſon which thou meditateſt—that
Thou meaneſt not to lead the army over
To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

WAL-

WALLENSTEIN.

Me, me, are they betraying. Th' Emperor
Hath ſacrificed me to my enemies,
And I muſt fall, unleſs my gallant troops
Will reſcue me. See! I confide in you.
And be your hearts my ſtrong hold! At this breaſt
The aim is taken, at this hoary head.
This is your Spaniſh gratitude, this is our
Requital for that murderous fight at Lutzen!
For this we threw the naked breaſt againſt
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth
Our bed, and the hard ſtone our pillow! never
ſtream
Too rapid for us, no wood too impervious;
With chearful ſpirit we purſued that Mansfield
Through all the turns and windings of his flight;
Yea, our whole life was but one reſtleſs march;
And homeleſs, as the ſtirring wind, we travell'd
O'er the war-waſted earth. And now, even now,
That we have well nigh finiſh'd the hard toil,
The unthankful, the curſe-laden toil of weapons,
With faithful indefatigable arm
Have roll'd the heavy war-load up the hill,
Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away
The honours of the peace, an eaſy prize!
He'll weave, forſooth, into his flaxen locks
The olive branch, the hard-earn'd ornament
Of this grey head, grown grey beneath the helmet.

ANSPESSADE.

That ſhall he not, while we can hinder it!
No one, but thou, who haſt conducted it

With

With fame, ſhall end this war, this frightful war
Thou led'ſt us out into the bloody field
Of death, thou and no other ſhalt conduct us home,
Rejoicing to the lovely plains of peace—
Shalt ſhare with us the fruits of the long toil.—

WALLENSTEIN.

What? Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.
Never, no never, will you ſee the end
Of the conteſt! you and me, and all of us,
This war will ſwallow up! War, war, not peace,
Is Auſtria's wiſh; and therefore, becauſe I
Endeavour'd after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Auſtria, how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waſte the world?
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin,
And ſtill win new domains.
(*the Cuiraſſiers expreſs agitation by their geſtures.*)
Ye're mov'd—I ſee
A noble rage flaſh from your eyes, ye warriors!
Oh that my ſpirit might poſſeſs you now
Daring as once it led you to the battle!
Ye would ſtand by me with your veteran arms,
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!
But think not that *you* can accompliſh it,
Your ſcanty number! to no purpoſe will you
Have ſacrificed you for your General.
(*confidentially.*)
No! let us tread ſecurely, ſeek for friends;
The Swedes have proffer'd us aſſiſtance, let us
Wear for a while the appearance of good will,

And

And uſe them for our profit, till we both
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head!

ANSPESSADE.

'Tis then but mere appearances which thou
Doſt put on with the Swede? Thou'lt not betray
The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?
This is the only thing which we deſire
To learn from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

What care I for the Swedes?
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
And under Providence I truſt right ſoon
To chaſe them to their homes acroſs their Baltic.
My cares are only for the whole: I have
A heart—it bleeds within me for the miſeries
And piteous groaning of my fellow Germans.
Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
With minds not common; ye appear to me
Worthy before all others, that I whiſper ye
A little word or two in confidence!
See now! already for full fifteen years
The war-torch has continu'd burning, yet
No reſt, no pauſe of conflict. Swede and German!
Papiſt and Lutheran! neither will give way
To the other, every hand's againſt the other.
Each one is party and no one a judge.
Where ſhall this end? Where's he that will unravel
This tangle, ever tangling more and more.

It muſt be cut aſunder.
I feel that I am the man of deſtiny,
And truſt, with your aſſiſtance, to accompliſh it.

SCENE IV.

To theſe enter BUTLER.

BUTLER. *(paſſionately.)*
General! This is not right!

WALLENSTEIN.
What is not right?

BUTLER.
It muſt needs injure us with all honeſt men.

WALLENSTEIN.
But what?

BUTLER.
It is an open proclamation
Of inſurrection.

WALLENSTEIN.
Well, well—but what is it?

BUTLER.
Count Tertſky's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle
From off the banners, and inſtead of it,
Have rear'd aloft thy arms.

ANSPESSADE. *(abruptly to the Cuiraſſiers.)*
Right about! March!

WALLENSTEIN.
Curs'd be this counſel, and accurs'd who gave it!
(to the Cuiraſſiers, who are retiring.)
Halt, children, halt! There's ſome miſtake in this!
Hark!

Hark!—I will puniſh it ſeverely. Stop!
They do not hear. *(to Illo.)* Go after them, aſſure them,
And bring them back to me, coſt what it may.
(Illo hurries out.)
This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!
You are my evil genius, wherefore muſt you
Announce it in their preſence? It was all
In a fair way. They were half won, thoſe madmen
With their improvident over-readineſs—
A cruel game is Fortune playing with me.
The zeal of friends it is that razes me,
And not the hate of enemies.

SCENE V.

To theſe enter the DUCHESS, *who ruſhes into the Chamber.* THEKLA *and the* COUNTESS *follow her.*

DUCHESS.

O Albrecht!
What haſt thou done?

WALLENSTEIN.

And now comes this beſide.

COUNTESS.

Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power.
They know all.

DUCHESS.

What haſt thou done?

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS. *(to Tertſky.)*

Is there no hope? Is all loſt utterly?

TERTSKY.

All loſt. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands,
The ſoldiery have ta'en their oaths anew.

COUNTESS.

That lurking hypocrite, Octavio!
Count Max. is off too?

TERTSKY.

Where can *he* be? He's
Gone over to the Emperor with his father.
(*Thekla ruſhes out into the arms of her mother, hiding her face in her boſom.*)

DUCHESS. (*enfolding her in her arms.*)

Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother!

WALLENSTEIN. *(aſide to Tertſky.)*

Quick! Let a carriage ſtand in readineſs
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us;
To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow.
(to Illo who returns)
Thou haſt not brought them back?

ILLO.

Hear'ſt thou the uproar?
The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is
Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,
Their colonel, they require; for they affirm,
That he is in the palace here, a priſoner;
And if thou doſt not inſtantly deliver him,
They will find means to free him with the ſword.
(all ſtand amazed.)

TERTSKY.

What ſhall we make of this?

WALLENSTEIN.

Said I not ſo?
O my prophetic heart! he is ſtill here.
He has not betray'd me—he could not betray me.
I never doubted of it.

COUNTESS.

If he be
Still here, then all goes well; for I know what
(embracing Thekla.)
Will keep him here for ever.

TERTSKY.

It can't be.
His father has betray'd us, is gone over
To the Emperor—the ſon could not have ventur'd
To ſtay behind.

THEKLA. *(her eye fixed on the door.)*

There he is!

SCENE VII.

To theſe enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX.

Yes! here he is! I can endure no longer
To creep on tiptoe round this houſe, and lurk
In ambuſh for a favourable moment.
This loitering, this ſuſpenſe exceeds my powers.
(advancing to Thekla, who has thrown herſelf into her mother's arms.)

Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!
Confeſs it freely before all. Fear no one.
Let who will hear that we both love each other.
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy
Is for the happy—miſery, hopeleſs miſery,
Needeth no veil! Beneath a thouſand ſuns
It dares act openly.
(*he obſerves the Counteſs looking on Thekla with expreſſions of triumph.*)
No, Lady! No!
Expect not, hope it not. I am not come
To ſtay: to bid farewel, farewel for ever,
For this I come! 'Tis over! I muſt leave thee!
Thekla, I muſt—*muſt* leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of ſympathy, only one look.
Say that thou doſt not hate me. Say it to me,
Thekla!
(*graſps her hand.*)
O God! I cannot leave this ſpot—I cannot!
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!
That thou doſt ſuffer with me; art convinc'd
That I can not act otherwiſe.
(*Thekla, avoiding his look, points with her hand to her father. Max. turns round to the Duke, whom he had not till then perceiv'd.*)
Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I ſought.
I truſted never more to have beheld thee.
My buſineſs is with her alone. Here will I
Receive a full acquittal from this heart—
For any other I am no more concern'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

Think'ſt thou, that fool-like, I ſhall let thee go,
And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?
Thy father is become a villain to me;
I hold thee for his ſon, and nothing more;
Nor to no purpoſe ſhalt thou have been given
Into my power. Think not, that I will honour
That ancient love, which ſo remorſeleſsly
He mangled. They are now paſt by, thoſe hours
Of friendſhip and forgiveneſs. Hate and vengeance
Succeed—'tis now their turn—I too can throw
All feelings of the man aſide—can prove
Myſelf as much a monſter as thy father!

MAX. *(calmly.)*

Thou wilt proceed with me, as thou haſt power.
Thou know'ſt, I neither brave nor fear thy rage.
What haſt detain'd me here, that too thou know'ſt.

(taking Thekla by the hand.)

See, Duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,
Would have receiv'd from thy paternal hand
The lot of bleſſed ſpirits. This haſt thou
Laid waſte for ever—that concerns not thee.
Indifferent thou trampleſt in the duſt
Their happineſs, who moſt are thine. The god
Whom thou doſt ſerve, is no benignant deity.
Like as the blind irreconcileable
Fierce element, incapable of compact,
Thy heart's wild impulſe only doſt thou follow*.

WAL-

* I have here ventured to omit a conſiderable number of lines. I fear that I ſhould not have done amiſs, had I taken

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou art deſcribing thy own father's heart.
The adder! O, the charms of hell o'erpower'd me.
He

this liberty more frequently. It is, however, incumbent on me to give the original with a literal tranſlation.

Weh denen die auf dich vertraun, an Dich
Die ſichre Hütte ihres Glückes lehnen,
Gelockt von deiner gaſtlichen Geſtalt.
Schnell unverhofft, by nächtlich ſtiller Weile
Gährts in dem tückiſchen Feuerſchlunde, ladet
Sich aus mit tobender Gervalt, und weg
Treibt über alle Pflanzunger der Menſchen
Der wilde Strom in grauſender zerſtöhrung.

WALLENSTEIN.

Du ſchilderſt deines Vaters Herz. Wie Du's
Beſchreibſt, ſo iſts in ſeinem Eingeweide,
In dieſer ſchwarzen Heuchlers Bruſt geſtaltet.
O mich hat Höllenkunſt getäuſcht. Mir ſandte
Der Abgrund den verfleckteſten der Geiſter,
Den Lügekundigſten herauf, und ſtellt' ihn
Als Freund an meine Seite. Wer vermag
Der Hölle Macht zu widerſtehn! Ich zog
Den Baſiliſken auf an meinem Buſen,
Mit meinem Herzblut nährt ich ihn, er ſog
Sich ſchwelgend voll an meiner Liebe Brüſten,
Ich hatte nimmer Arges gegen ihn,
Weit offen lieſs ich des Gedankens Thore,
Und warft die Schlüſſel weiſer Vorſicht weg,
Am Sternenhimmel, &c.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Alas! for thoſe who place their confidence on thee, againſt thee lean the ſecure hut of their fortune, allured by thy hoſpitable form. Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a moment ſtill as night, there is a fermentation in the treacherous gulf of fire; it diſcharges itſelf with raging force, and away over

all

He dwelt within me, to my inmoſt ſoul
Still to and fro he paſs'd, ſuſpected never!
On the wide ocean, in the ſtarry heaven
Did mine eyes ſeek the enemy, whom I
In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been
To *Ferdinand* what Octavio was to *me*,
War had I ne'er denounc'd againſt him. No,
I never could have done it. The Emp'ror was
My auſtere maſter only, not my friend.
There was already war 'twixt him and me
When he deliver'd the Commander's Staff
Into my hands; for there's a natural
Unceaſing war 'twixt cunning and ſuſpicion;
Peace exiſts only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poiſons confidence, he murders
The future generations.

MAX.

I will not
Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!
Hard deeds and luckleſs have ta'en place, one crime

all the plantations of men drives the wild ſtream in frightful devaſtation. WALLENSTEIN. Thou art portraying thy father's heart, as thou deſcribeſt, even ſo is it ſhaped in his entrails, in this black hypocrite's breaſt. O, the art of hell has deceiv'd me! The Abyſs ſent up to me the moſt ſpotted of the ſpirits, the moſt ſkilful in lies, and placed him as a friend at my ſide. Who may withſtand the power of hell? I took the baſiliſk to my boſom, with my heart's blood I nouriſhed him; he ſucked himſelf glut-full at the breaſts of my love. I never harboured evil towards him; wide open did I leave the door of my thoughts; I threw away the key of wiſe foreſight. In the ſtarry heaven, &c.—We find a difficulty in believing this to have been written by SCHILLER.

Drags after it the other in close link.
But we are innocent: how have we fallen
Into this circle of mis-hap and guilt?
To whom have we been faithless? Wherefore must
The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
Of our two fathers twine like serpents rounds us?
Why must our fathers'
Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,
Who love each other?

WALLENSTEIN.

Max. remain with me.
Go you not from me, Max! Hark! I will tell thee—
How when at Prague, our winter quarters, thou
Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
Not yet accustom'd to the German winters;
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colours;
Thou would'st not let them go—
At that time did I take thee in my arms,
And with my mantle did I cover thee:
I was thy nurse, no woman could have been
A kinder to thee; I was not asham'd
To do for thee all little offices,
However strange to me; I tended thee
Till life return'd; and when thine eyes first open'd,
I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I
Alter'd my feelings towards thee? Many thousands
Have I made rich, presented them with lands;
Rewarded them with dignities and honours;
Thee have I *lov'd*: my heart, my self, I gave

To

To thee! They all were aliens: THOU wert
Our child and inmate *. Max.! Thou can'ſt not leave me;
It cannot be; I may not, will not think
That Max. can leave me.

MAX.

O my God!

WALLENSTEIN.

I have
Held and ſuſtain'd thee from thy tott'ring childhood.
What holy bond is there of natural love?
What human tie, that does not knit thee to me?
I love thee, Max! What did thy father for thee,
Which I too have not done, to the height of duty?
Go hence, forſake me, ſerve thy Emperor;
He will reward thee with a pretty chain
Of gold; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee;
For that the friend, the father of thy youth,
For that the holieſt feeling of humanity,
Was nothing worth to thee.

MAX.

O God! How can I
Do otherwiſe? Am I not forc'd to do it?
My oath—my duty—honour—

* This is a poor and inadequate tranſlation of the affectionate ſimplicity of the original—
Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, *Du* warſt
Das kind des Hauſes.
Indeed the whole ſpeech is in the beſt ſtyle of Maſſinger. O ſi ſic omnia!

How? Thy duty?
Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max! bethink thee
What duties may'ſt *thou* have? If I am acting
A criminal part toward the Emperor,
It is my crime, not thine. Doſt thou belong
To thine own ſelf? Art thou thine own commander?
Stand'ſt thou, like me, a freeman in the world,
That in thy actions thou ſhould'ſt plead free agency?
On me thou'rt planted, I am thy Emperor;
To obey *me*, to *belong* to me, this is
Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee!
And if the planet, on the which thou liv'ſt
And haſt thy dwelling, from its orbit ſtarts,
It is not in thy choice, whether or no
Thou'lt follow it. Unfelt it whirls thee onward
Together with his ring and all his moons.
With little guilt ſtepp'ſt thou into this conteſt,
Thee will the world not cenſure, it will praiſe thee,
For that thou heldſt thy friend more worth to thee
Than names and influences more remov'd.
For juſtice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the ſubject's.
Not every one doth it beſeem to queſtion
The far-off high Arcturus. Moſt ſecurely
Wilt thou purſue the neareſt duty—let
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-ſtar.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

To theſe enter NEUMANN,

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

NEUMANN.

The Pappenheimers are diſmounted,
And are advancing now on foot, determin'd
With ſword in hand to ſtorm the houſe, and free
The Count, their colonel.

WALLENSTEIN. (*to Tertſky,*)

Have the cannon planted.
I will receive them with chain-ſhot.

[*Exit Tertſky.*

Preſcribe to me with ſword in hand! Go, Neumann!
'Tis my command that they retreat this moment,
And in their ranks in ſilence wait my pleaſure.

[*Neumann exit. Illo ſteps to the window.*

COUNTESS.

Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

ILLO. (*at the window.*)

Hell and perdition!

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

ILLO.

They ſcale the council-houſe, the roof's uncover'd,
They level at this houſe the cannon——

MAX.

Madmen!

ILLO.

They are making preparations now to fire on us.

DUCHESS AND COUNTESS.

Merciful Heaven!

MAX. (*to Wallenſtein.*)

Let me go to them!

WALLENSTEIN.

Not a ſtep!

MAX. (*pointing to Thekla and the Ducheſs.*

But their life! Thine!

WALLENSTEIN.

What tidings bring'ſt thou, Tertſky?

SCENE VIII.

To theſe TERTSKY *(returning.)*

TERTSKY.

Meſſage and greeting from our faithful reg'ments.
Their ardour may no longer be curb'd in.
They intreat permiſſion to commence th' attack,
And if thou would'ſt but give the word of onſet,
They could now charge the enemy in rear,
Into the city wedge them, and with eaſe
O'erpower them in the narrow ſtreets.

ILLO.

O come!
Let not their ardour cool. The ſoldiery
Of Butler's corps ſtand by us faithfully;
We are the greater number. Let us charge them,
And finiſh here in Pilſen the revolt.

WALLENSTEIN.

What? ſhall this town become a field of ſlaughter,
And brother-killing Diſcord, fire-eyed,
Be let loſe through its ſtreets to roam and rage?
Shall the deciſion be deliver'd over
To deaf remorſeleſs Rage, that hears no leader?
Here is not room for battle, only for butchery.
Well, let it be! I have long thought of it,
So let it burſt then!
(turns to Max.)
Well, how is it with thee?
Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away!
Thou art free to go. Oppoſe thyſelf to me,
Front againſt front, and lead them to the battle;
Thou'rt ſkill'd in war, thou haſt learn'd ſomewhat under me,
I need not be aſham'd of my opponent,
And never hadſt thou fairer opportunity
To pay me for thy ſchooling.

COUNTESS.

Is it then,
Can it have come to this?—What! Couſin, Couſin!
Have you the heart?

MAX.

The regiments that are truſted to my care
I have pledg'd my troth to bring away from Pilſen
True to the Emperor, and this promiſe will I
Make good, or periſh. More than this no duty
Requires of me. I will not fight againſt thee,
Unleſs

Unleſs compell'd; for though an enemy,
Thy head is holy to me ſtill.

(Two reports of cannon, Illo and Tertſky hurry to the window.)

WALLENSTEIN.

What's that?

TERTSKY.

He falls.

WALLENSTEIN.

Falls! Who!

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's corps
Diſcharg'd the ordnance.

WALLENSTEIN.

Upon whom?

ILLO.

On Neumann,
Your meſſenger.

WALLENSTEIN. *(ſtarting up.)*

Ha! Death and hell! I will—

TERTSKY.

Expoſe thyſelf to their blind frenzy?

DUCHESS AND COUNTESS.

No!
For God's ſake, No!

ILLO.

Not yet, my General!

COUNTESS.

O, hold him! hold him!

WAL-

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave me——

MAX.

Do it not;
Not yet! This raſh and bloody deed has thrown them
Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time——

WALLENSTEIN.

Away! too long already have I loiter'd.
They are embolden'd to theſe outrages,
Beholding not my face. They ſhall behold
My countenance, ſhall hear my voice——
Are they not *my* troops? Am I not their General,
And their long-fear'd commander? Let me ſee,
Whether indeed they do no longer know
That countenance, which was their ſun in battle!
From the balcony, (mark!) I ſhew myſelf
To theſe rebellious forces, and at once
Revolt is mounded, and the high-ſwoln current
Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

[*Exit Wallenſtein; Illo, Tertſky, and Butler follow.*

SCENE IX.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX. *and* THEKLA.

COUNTESS. (*to the Ducheſs.*)

Let them but ſee him—there is hope ſtill, ſiſter.

DUCHESS.

Hope! I have none!

MAX. (*who during the laſt ſcene has been ſtanding at a diſtance in a viſible ſtruggle of feelings, advances.*)

This can I not endure.
With moſt determin'd ſoul did I come hither,
My purpos'd action ſeem'd unblameable
To my own conſcience—and I muſt ſtand here
Like one abhorr'd, a hard inhuman being;
Yea, loaded with the curſe of all I love!
Muſt ſee all whom I love in this ſore anguiſh,
Whom I with one word can make happy—O!
My heart revolts within me, and two voices
Make themſelves audible within my boſom.
My ſoul's benighted; I no longer can
Diſtinguiſh the right track. O, well and truly
Didſt thou ſay, father, I relied too much
On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—
I know not what to do.

COUNTESS.

What! you know not?
Does not your own heart tell you? O! then I
Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,
A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted
Againſt our General's life, has plung'd us all
In miſery—and you're his ſon! 'Tis your's
To make the *amends*—Make you the ſon's fidelity
Outweigh the father's treaſon, that the name
Of Piccolomini be not a proverb
Of infamy, a common form of curſing
To the poſterity of Wallenſtein.

MAX.

Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow?
It ſpeaks no longer in *my* heart. We all
But utter what our paſſionate wiſhes dictate.
O that an angel would deſcend from Heaven,
And ſcoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,
With a pure hand from the pure Fount of Light.
(*His eyes glance on Thekla.*)
What other angel ſeek I? To this heart,
To this unerring heart, will I ſubmit it,
Will aſk thy love, which has the power to bleſs
The happy man alone, averted ever
From the diſquieted and guilty—*can'ſt* thou
Still love me, if I ſtay? Say that thou can'ſt,
And I am the Duke's——

COUNTESS.

Think, niece——

MAX.

Think nothing, Thekla!
Speak what thou *feeleſt*.

COUNTESS.

Think upon your father.

MAX.

I did not queſtion thee, as Friedland's daughter.
Thee, the beloved, and the unerring god
Within thy heart, I queſtion. What's at ſtake?
Not whether diadem of royalty
Be to be won or no—that might'ſt thou *think* on.
Thy friend, and *his* ſoul's quiet, are at ſtake;
The fortune of a thouſand gallant men,
Who will all follow me; ſhall I forſwear

My

My oath and duty to the Emperor?
Say, ſhall I ſend into Octavio's camp
The parricidal ball? For when the ball
Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,
It is no longer a dead inſtrument;
It lives, a ſpirit paſſes into it,
The avenging furies ſeize poſſeſſion of it,
And with ſure malice guide it the worſt way.

THEKLA.

O! Max.———

MAX. *(interrupting her.)*

Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.
I underſtand thee. To thy noble heart
The hardeſt duty might appear the higheſt.
The human, not the great part, would I act.
Ev'n from my childhood to this preſent hour,
Think what the Duke has done for me, how lov'd me,
And think too, how my father has repay'd him.
O likewiſe the free lovely impulſes
Of hoſpitality, the pious friend's
Faithful attachment, theſe too are a holy
Religion to the heart; and heavily
The ſhudderings of nature do avenge
Themſelves on the barbarian that inſults them.
Lay all upon the balance, all—then ſpeak,
And let thy heart decide it.

THEKLA.

O, thy own
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
Thy heart's firſt feeling——

COUN-

COUNTESS.

Oh! ill-fated woman!

THEKLA.

Is it poſſible, that that can be the right,
The which thy tender heart did not at firſt
Detect and ſeize with inſtant impulſe? Go,
Fulfil thy duty! I ſhould ever love thee.
What e'er thou hadſt choſen, thou would'ſt ſtill have acted
Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance
Shall ne'er diſturb thy ſoul's fair peace.

MAX.

Then I
Muſt leave thee, muſt part from thee!

THEKLA.

Being faithful
To thine own ſelf, thou art faithful too to me;
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide for ever
The houſes Piccolomini and Friedland;
But we belong not to our houſes—Go!
Quick! quick! and ſeparate thy righteous cauſe
From our unholy and unbleſsed one!
The curſe of heaven lies upon our head:
'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me
My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.
Mourn not for me:
My deſtiny will quickly be decided.

(Max. claſps her in his arms in extreme emotion. There is heard from behind the Scene a loud, wild, long continued cry. VIVAT FERDI-

NANDUS, *accompanied by warlike Inſtruments. Max. and Thekla remain without motion in each others embraces.)*

SCENE X.

To theſe enter TERTSKY.

COUNTESS. (*meeting him.*)

What meant that cry? What was it?

TERTSKY.

All is loſt!

COUNTESS.

What! they regarded not his countenance?

TERTSKY.

'Twas all in vain.

DUCHESS.

They ſhouted Vivat!

TERTSKY.

To the Emperor.

COUNTESS.

The traitors!

TERTSKY.

Nay! he was not once permitted
Even to addreſs them. Soon as he began,
With deafening noiſe of warlike inſtruments
They drown'd his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XI.

To theſe enter WALLENSTEIN, *accompanied by* ILLO *and* BUTLER.

WALLENSTEIN. (*as he enters.*)

Tertſky!

TERTSKY.

My General?

WALLENSTEIN.

Let our regiments hold themſelves
In readineſs to march; for we ſhall leave
Pilſen ere evening. [*Exit Tertſky.*
Butler!

BUTLER.

Yes, my General.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Governor at Egra is your friend
And countryman. Write to him inſtantly
By a Poſt Courier. He muſt be advis'd,
That we are with him early on the morrow.
You follow us yourſelf, your regiment with you.

BUTLER.

It ſhall be done, my General!

WALLENSTEIN. (*ſteps between Max. and Thekla, who have remained during this time in each others arms.*)

Part!

MAX.

O God!

(*Cuiraſſiers enter with drawn ſwords, and aſſemble in the back-ground. At the ſame time there are heard from below ſome ſpirited paſſages out of the Pappenheim March, which ſeem to addreſs Max.*)

WALLENSTEIN. (*to the Cuiraſſiers.*)

Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him
No longer.

(*He turns away, and ſtands ſo that Max. cannot paſs by him nor approach the Princeſs.*)

MAX.

Thou know'ſt that I have not yet learnt to live
Without thee! I go forth into a deſart,
Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn
Thine eyes away from me! O once more ſhew me
Thy ever dear and honour'd countenance.

(*Max. attempts to take his hand, but is repelled; he turns to the Counteſs.*)

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?

(*The Counteſs turns away from him; he turns to the Ducheſs.*)

My mother!

DUCHESS.

Go where duty calls you. Haply
The time may come, when you may prove to us
A true friend, a good Angel at the throne
Of the Emperor.

MAX.

You give me hope; you would not
Suffer me wholly to deſpair. No! No!
Mine is a certain miſery—Thanks to heaven
That offers me a means of ending it.

(*The military muſic begins again. The ſtage fills more and more with armed men. Max. ſees Butler, and addreſſes him.*)

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you
Not follow me? Well, then! remain more faithful

To

To your new lord, than you have prov'd yourſelf
To the Emperor. Come, Butler! promiſe me,
Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be
The guardian of his life, its ſhield, its watchman.
He is attainted, and his princely head
Fair booty for each ſlave that trades in murder.
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendſhip,
And thoſe whom here I ſee—

(*caſting ſuſpicious looks on Illo and Butler.*)

ILLO.

Go—ſeek for traitors
In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here
Is only one. Away! away! and free us
From his deteſted ſight! Away!

(*Max. attempts once more to approach Thekla. Wallenſtein prevents him. Max. ſtands irreſolute, and in apparent anguiſh. In the mean time the ſtage fills more and more; and the horns ſound from below louder and louder, and each time after a ſhorter interval.*)

MAX.

Blow, blow! O were it but the Swediſh Trumpets,
And all the naked ſwords, which I ſee here,
Were plunged into my breaſt! What purpoſe you?
You come to tear me from this place! Beware,
Ye drive me not to deſperation.—Do it not!
Ye may repent it!

(*the ſtage is entirely fill'd with armed men.*)

Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down!
Think what ye're doing. It is not well done
To chooſe a man deſpairing for your leader;

You tear me from my happineſs. Well, then,
I dedicate your ſouls to vengeance. Mark!
For your own ruin you have choſen me:
Who goes with me, muſt be prepar'd to periſh.
(*He turns to the back-ground, there enſues a ſudden and violent movement among the Cuiraſſiers; they ſurround him, and carry him off in wild tumult. Wallenſtein remains immoveable. Thekla ſinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The muſic becomes loud and overpowering, and paſſes into a complete war-march—the orcheſtra joins it—and continues during the interval between the ſecond and third Act.*)

ACT III.

Scene, the Burgomaſter's Houſe at Egra.

SCENE I.

BUTLER. *(juſt arrived.)*

Here then he is, by his deſtiny conducted.
Here, Friedland! and no farther! From Bohemia
Thy meteor roſe, travers'd the ſky awhile,
And here upon the borders of Bohemia
Muſt ſink.
Thou haſt forſworn the ancient colours,
Blind man! yet truſteſt to thy ancient fortunes.
Profaner of the altar and the hearth,
Againſt thy Emperor and fellow-citizens
Thou mean'ſt to wage the war. Friedland, beware—
The evil ſpirit of revenge impels thee—
Beware thou, that revenge deſtroy thee not!

SCENE II.

BUTLER *and* GORDON.

GORDON.

Is it you?
How my heart ſinks! The Duke a fugitive traitor!
His princely head attainted! O my God!

BUTLER.

You have receiv'd the letter which I ſent you
By a poſt-courier.

GORDON.

Yes! and in obedience to it
Open'd the ſtrong hold to him without ſcruple.
For an imperial letter orders me
To follow your commands implicitly.
But yet forgive me; when even now I ſaw
The Duke himſelf, my ſcruples recommenced.
For truly, not like an attainted man,
Into this town did Friedland make his entrance;
His wonted Majeſty beam'd from his brow,
And calm, as in the days when all was right,
Did he receive from me the accounts of office;
'Tis ſaid, that fallen pride learns condeſcenſion:
But ſparing and with dignity the Duke
Weigh'd every ſyllable of approbation,
As maſters praiſe a ſervant who has done
His duty, and no more.

BUTLER.

'Tis all preciſely
As I related in my letter. Friedland
Has ſold the army to the enemy,
And pledg'd himſelf to give up Prague and Egra.
On this report the regiments all forſook him,
The five excepted that belong to Tertſky,
And which have follow'd him, as thou haſt ſeen.
The ſentence of attainder is paſs'd on him,

And every loyal ſubject is required
To give him in to juſtice, dead or living.

GORDON.

A traitor to the Emperor—Such a noble!
Of ſuch high talents! What is human greatneſs!
I often ſaid, this can't end happily.
His might, his greatneſs, and this obſcure power
Are but a cover'd pit-fall. The human being
May not be truſted to ſelf-government.
The clear and written law, the deep trod foot-marks
Of ancient cuſtom, are all neceſſary
To keep him in the road of faith and duty.
The authority entruſted to this man
Was unexampl'd and unnatural,
It plac'd him on a level with his Emperor,
Till the proud ſoul unlearn'd ſubmiſſion. Wo is me;
I mourn for him! for where he fell, I deem
Might none ſtand firm. Alas! dear General,
We in our lucky mediocrity
Have ne'er experienc'd, cannot calculate,
What dangerous wiſhes ſuch a height may breed
In the heart of ſuch a man.

BUTLER.

Spare your laments
Till he need ſympathy; for at this preſent
He is ſtill mighty, and ſtill formidable.
The Swedes advance to Egra by forc'd marches,
And quickly will the junction be accompliſh'd.
This muſt not be! The Duke muſt never leave

This

This ſtrong hold on free footing; for I have
Pledg'd life and honour here to hold him pris'ner,
And your aſſiſtance 'tis on which I calculate.

GORDON.

O that I had not liv'd to ſee this day!
From his hand I receiv'd this dignity,
He did himſelf entruſt this ſtrong hold to me,
Which I am now requir'd to make his dungeon.
We ſubalterns have no will of our own:
The free, the mighty man alone may liſten
To the fair impulſe of his human nature.
Ah! we are but the poor tools of the law,
Obedience the ſole virtue we dare aim at!

BUTLER.

Nay, let it not afflict you, that your power
Is circumſcrib'd. Much liberty, much error!
The narrow path of duty is ſecureſt.

GORDON.

And all then have deſerted him, you ſay?
He has built up the luck of many thouſands,
For kingly was his ſpirit: his full hand
Was ever open! Many a one from duſt
(*with a ſide glance on Butler.*)
Hath he ſelected, from the very duſt
Hath rais'd him into dignity and honour.
And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchas'd,
Whoſe heart beats true to him in the evil hour.

BUTLER.

Here's one, I ſee

GORDON.

I have enjoy'd from him
No grace or favour. I could almoſt doubt,
If ever in his greatneſs he once thought on
An old friend of his youth. For ſtill my office
Kept me at diſtance from him; and when firſt
He to this citadel appointed me,
He was ſincere and ſerious in his duty.
I do not then abuſe his confidence,
If I preſerve my fealty in that
Which to my fealty was firſt deliver'd.

BUTLER.

Say, then, will you fulfil th' attainder on him?

GORDON. *(pauſes reflecting—then as in deep dejection.)*

If it be ſo—if all be as you ſay—
If he've betray'd the Emperor, his maſter,
Have ſold the troops, have purpos'd to deliver
The ſtrong holds of the country to the enemy—
Yea, truly!—there is no redemption for him!—
Yet it is hard, that me the lot ſhould deſtine
To be the inſtrument of his perdition;
For we were pages at the court of Bergau
At the ſame period; but I was the ſenior.

BUTLER.

I have heard ſo——

GORDON.

'Tis full thirty years ſince then.
A youth who ſcarce had ſeen his twentieth year
Was Wallenſtein, when he and I were friends:

Yet even then he had a daring ſoul:
His frame of mind was ſerious and ſevere
Beyond his years; his dreams were of great objects.
He walk'd amidſt us of a ſilent ſpirit,
Communing with himſelf: yet I have known him
Tranſported on a ſudden into utterance
Of ſtrange conceptions; kindling into ſplendour
His ſoul reveal'd itſelf, and he ſpake ſo
That we look'd round perplex'd upon each other,
Not knowing whether it were crazineſs,
Or whether 't were a god that ſpoke in him.

BUTLER.

But was it where he fell two ſtory high
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen aſleep;
And roſe up free from injury? From this day
(It is reported) he betray'd clear marks
Of a diſtemper'd fancy.

GORDON.

He became
Doubtleſs more ſelf-enwrapt and melancholy;
He made himſelf a Catholic. Marvellouſly
His marvellous preſervation had transform'd him.
Thenceforth he held himſelf for an exempted
And privileg'd being, and, as if he were
Incapable of dizzineſs or fall,
He ran along the unſteady rope of life.
But now our deſtinies drove us aſunder:
He pac'd with rapid ſtep the way of greatneſs,

Was

Was Count, and Prince, Duke regent, and Dictator.
And now is all, all this too little for him;
He ſtretches forth his hands for a king's crown,
And plunges in unfathomable ruin.

BUTLER.

No more, he comes.

SCENE III.

To theſe enter WALLENSTEIN, *in converſation with the* BURGOMASTER *of Egra.*

WALLENSTEIN.

You were at one time a free town. I ſee,
Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.
Why the *half* eagle only?

BURGOMASTER.

We were free,
But for theſe laſt two hundred years has Egra
Remain'd in pledge to the Bohemian crown,
Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half
Being cancell'd till the empire ranſom us,
If ever that ſhould be.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye merit freedom.
Only be firm and dauntleſs. Lend your ears
To no deſigning whiſpering court-minions.
What may your impoſts be?

BURGOMASTER.

So heavy that
We totter under them. The garriſon
Lives at our coſts.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will relieve you. Tell me,
There are ſome Proteſtants among you ſtill?
(*The Burgomaſter heſitates.*)
Yes, yes; I know it. Many lie conceal'd
Within theſe walls—Confeſs now—you yourſelf—
(*Fixes his eye on him. The Burgomaſter alarm'd.*)
Be not alarm'd. I hate the Jeſuits.
Could my will have determin'd it, they had
Been long ago expell'd the empire. Truſt me—
Maſs-book or bible—'tis all one to me.
Of that the world has had ſufficient proof.
I built a church for the reform'd in Glogan
At my own inſtance. Hark'e, Burgomaſter!
What is your name.

BURGOMASTER.

Pachhälbel, may it pleaſe you.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hark'e!———
But let it go no further, what I now
Diſcloſe to you in confidence.
(*Laying his hand on the Burgomaſter's ſhoulder with a certain ſolemnity.*)
The times
Draw near to their fulfilment, Burgomaſter!
The high will fall, the low will be exalted.
Hark'e! But keep it to yourſelf! The end
Approaches

Approaches of the Spaniſh double monarchy—
A new arrangement is at hand. You ſaw
The three moons that appear'd at once in the
Heaven.

BURGOMASTER.

With wonder and affright!

WALLENSTEIN.

Whereof did two
Strangely transform themſelves to bloody daggers,
And only one, the middle moon, remain'd
Steady and clear.

BURGOMASTER.

We applied it to the Turks.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Turks! That all?—I tell you, that two
empires
Will ſet in blood, in the Eaſt and in the Weſt,
And Luth'raniſm alone remain.
(obſerving Gordon and Butler.)
I'faith,
'Twas a ſmart cannonading that we heard
This evening, as we journey'd hitherward;
'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here?

GORDON.

Diſtinctly. The wind brought it from the South.

BUTLER.

It ſeem'd to come from Weiden or from Neuſtadt.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.
How ſtrong is the garriſon?

GORDON

GORDON.

Not quite two hundred
Competent men, the reſt are invalids.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! And how many in the vale of Jochim.

GORDON.

Two hundred Arquebuſſiers have I ſent thither
To fortify the poſts againſt the Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! I commend your foreſight. At the works too
You have done ſomewhat?

GORDON.

Two additional batteries
I caused to be run up. They were needleſs.
The Rhine-Grave preſſes hard upon us, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

You have been watchful in your Emperor's ſervice.
I am content with you, Lieutenant-Colonel.
(*to Butler.*)
Releaſe the outpoſts in the vale of Jochim
With all the ſtations in the enemy's route.
(*to Gordon.*)
Governor, in your faithful hands I leave
My wife, my daughter, and my ſiſter. I
Shall make no ſtay here, and wait but the arrival
Of letters, to take leave of you, together
With all the regiments.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

To theſe enter COUNT TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Joy, General; joy! I bring you welcome tidings.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what may they be?

TERTSKY.

There has been an engagement
At Neuſtadt; the Swedes gain'd the victory.

WALLENSTEIN.

From whence did you receive the intelligence?

TERTSKY.

A countryman from Tirſchenſeil convey'd it.
Soon after ſun riſe did the fight begin!
A troop of the Imperialiſts from Fachau
Had forc'd their way into the Swediſh camp;
The cannonade continued full two hours;
There were left dead upon the field a thouſand
Imperialiſts together, with their Colonel;
Further than this he did not know.

WALLENSTEIN.

How came
Imperial troops at Neuſtadt? Altringer
But yeſterday, ſtood ſixty miles from there.
Count Galas' force collects at Frauenberg,
And have not the full complement. Is it poſſible,
That Suys perchance had ventur'd ſo far onward?
It cannot be.

TERTSKY.

We ſhall ſoon know the whole,
For here comes Illo, full of haſte, and joyous.

SCENE V.

To theſe enter ILLO.

ILLO. *(to Wallenſtein.)*

A courier, Duke! he wiſhes to ſpeak with thee.

TERTSKY. *(eagerly.)*

Does he bring confirmation of the victory?

WALLENSTEIN. *(at the ſame time.)*

What does he bring? Whence comes he?

ILLO.

From the Rhine-grave.
And what he brings I can announce to you
Before hand. Seven leagues diſtant are the Swedes;
At Neuſtadt did Max. Piccolomini
Throw himſelf on them with the cavalry;
A murd'rous fight took place; o'erpower'd by numbers
The Pappenheimers all, with Max. their leader,
(Wallenſtein ſhudders and turns pale.)
Were left dead on the field.

WALLENSTEIN. *(after a pauſe in a low voice.)*

Where is the meſſenger? Conduct me to him.

(Wallenſtein is going, when Lady Neubrunn ruſhes into the room. Some ſervants follow her and run acroſs the ſtage.)

NEUBRUNN.

Help! Help!

ILLO *and* TERTSKY. *(at the ſame time.)*

What now?

NEUBRUNN.

The Princeſs!—

WALLENSTEIN *and* TERTSKY.

Does ſhe know it?

NEUBRUNN. *(at the ſame time with them.)*
She is dying! *(hurries off the ſtage, and Wallenſtein and Tertſky follow her.)*

SCENE VI.

BUTLER *and* GORDON.

GORDON.

What's this?

BUTLRR.

She has loſt the man ſhe lov'd—
Young Piccolomini who fell in the battle.

GORDON.

Unfortunate Lady!

BUTLER.

You have heard what Illo
Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,
And marching hitherward.

GORDON.

Too well I heard it.

BUTLER.

They are twelve regiments ſtrong, and there are five
Cloſe by us to protect the Duke. We have
Only my ſingle regiment; and the garriſon
Is not two hundred ſtrong.

GORDON.

'Tis even ſo.

BUTLER.

It is not poſſible with ſuch ſmall force
To hold in cuſtody a man like him.

GORDON.

I grant it.

BUTLER.

Soon the numbers would diſarm us,
And liberate him.

GORDON.

It were to be fear'd.

BUTLER. *(after a pauſe.)*

Know, I am warranty for the event;
With my head have I pledg'd myſelf for his,
Muſt make my word good, coſt it what it will,
And if alive we cannot hold him priſoner,
Why—death makes all things certain!

GORDON.

Butler! What?
Do I underſtand you? Gracious God! *You* could—

BUTLER.

He muſt not live.

GORDON.

And *you* can do the deed!

BUTLER.

Either you or I. This morning was his laſt.

GORDON.

You would aſſaſſinate him?

BUTLER.

'Tis my purpoſe.

GOR-

GORDON.

Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!

BUTLER.

Such is his evil deſtiny!

GORDON.

Your General!
The ſacred perſon of your General!

BUTLER.

My General he *has been.*

GORDON.

That 'tis only
An "*has been*" waſhes out no villainy.
And without judgment paſs'd?

BUTLER.

The execution
Is here inſtead of judgment.

GORDON.

This were murder,
Not juſtice. The moſt guilty ſhould be heard.

BUTLER.

His guilt is clear, the Emperor has paſt judgment,
And we but execute his will.

GORDON.

We ſhould not
Hurry to realize a bloody ſentence.
A word may be recall'd, a life can never be.

BUTLER.

Diſpatch in ſervice pleaſes ſovereigns.

GORDON.

No honeſt man's ambitious to preſs forward
To the hangman's ſervice.

BUTLER.

And no brave man loſes
His colour at a daring enterprize.

GORDON.

A brave man hazards life, but not his conſcience.

BUTLER.

What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle
The unextinguiſhable flame of war?

GORDON.

Seize him, and hold him priſoner—do not kill him!

BUTLER.

Had not the Emperor's army been defeated,
I might have done ſo.—But 'tis now paſt by.

GORDON.

O, wherefore open'd I the ſtrong hold to him?

BUTLER.

His deſtiny and not the place deſtroys him.

GORDON.

Upon theſe ramparts, as beſeem'd a ſoldier,
I had fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!

BUTLER.

Yes! and a thouſand gallant men have periſh'd.

GORDON.

Doing their duty—that adorns the man!
But murder's a black deed, and nature curſes it.

BUTLER. *(brings out a paper.)*

Here is the manifeſto which commands us
To gain poſſeſſion of his perſon. See—
It is addreſs'd to you as well as me.

Are

Are you content to take the conſequences,
If thro' our fault he eſcape to the enemy.

GORDON.

I?—Gracious God!

BUTLER.

Take it on yourſelf.
Come of it what it may, on you I lay it.

GORDON.

O God in heaven!

BUTLER.

Can you adviſe aught elſe
Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpoſe?
Say if you can. For I deſire his fall,
Not his deſtruction.

GORDON.

Merciful heaven! what muſt be
I ſee as clear as you. Yet ſtill the heart
Within my boſom beats with other feelings!

BUTLER.

Mine is of harder ſtuff! Neceſſity
In her rough ſchool hath ſteel'd me. And this Illo,
And Tertſky likewiſe, they muſt not ſurvive him.

GORDON.

I feel no pang for theſe. Their own bad heart
Impell'd them, not the influence of the ſtars.
'Twas they who ſtrew'd the ſeeds of evil paſſions
In his calm breaſt, and with officious villainy
Water'd and nurs'd the pois'nous plants. May they
Receive their earneſts to the uttermoſt mite!

BUTLER.

And their death ſhall precede his!
We meant to have taken them alive this evening
Amid the merry-making of a feaſt,
And keep them priſoners in the citadels.
But this makes ſhorter work. I go this inſtant
To give the neceſſary orders.

SCENE VII.

To theſe enter ILLO *and* TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come
The Swedes—twelve thouſand gallant warriors, Illo!
Then ſtraightways for Vienna. Cheerily, friend!
What! meet ſuch news with ſuch a moody face?

ILLO.

It lies with us at preſent to preſcribe
Laws, and take vengeance on thoſe worthleſs traitors,
Thoſe ſkulking cowards that deſerted us;
One has already done his bitter penance,
The Piccolomini, be his the fate
Of all who wiſh us evil! This flies ſure
To the old man's heart; he has his whole life long
Fretted and toil'd to raiſe his ancient houſe
From a Count's title to the name of Prince;
And now muſt ſeek a grave for his only ſon.

BUTLER.

BUTLER.

'Twas pity tho'! A youth of ſuch heroic
And gentle temp'rament! The Duke himſelf,
'Twas eaſily ſeen, how near it went to his heart.

ILLO.

Hark'e, old friend! That is the very point
That never pleas'd me in our General—
He ever gave the preference to the Italians.
Yea, at this very moment, by my ſoul!
He'd gladly ſee us all dead ten times over,
Could he thereby recal his friend to life.

TERTSKY.

Huſh, huſh! Let the dead reſt! This evening's
buſineſs
Is, who can fairly drink the other down—
Your regiment, Illo! gives the entertainment.
Come! we will keep a merry carnival—
The night for once be day, and mid full glaſſes
Will we expect the Swediſh Avantgarde.

ILLO.

Yes, let us be of good chear for to-day,
For there's hot work before us, friends! This ſword
Shall have no reſt, till it be bath'd to the hilt
In Auſtrian blood.

GORDON.

Shame, ſhame! what talk is this,
My Lord Field Marſhal? Wherefore foam you ſo
Againſt your Emperor?

BUTLER.

Hope not too much
From this firſt victory. Bethink you, ſirs!
How

How rapidly the wheel of fortune turns,
The Emperor ſtill is formidably ſtrong.

ILLO.

The Emperor has ſoldiers, no commander,
For this King Ferdinand of Hungary
Is but a Tyro. Galas? He's no luck,
And was of old the ruiner of armies.
And then this Viper, this Octavio,
Is excellent at ſtabbing in the back,
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.

TERTSKY.

Truſt me, my friends, it cannot but ſucceed;
Fortune, we know can ne'er forſake the Duke!
And only under Wallenſtein can Auſtria
Be conqueror.

ILLO.

The Duke will ſoon aſſemble
A mighty army, all comes crowding, ſtreaming
To banners, dedicate by deſtiny,
To fame, and proſperous fortune. I behold
Old times come back again, he will become
Once more the mighty Lord which he has been.
How will the fools, who've now deſerted him,
Look then? I can't but laugh to think of them,
For lands will he preſent to all his friends,
And like a King and Emperor reward
True ſervices; but we've the neareſt claims.
(To Gordon.)
You will not be forgotten, Governor!
He'll take you from this neſt and bid you ſhine

In

In higher ſtation: your fidelity
Well merits it.

GORDON.

I am content already,
And wiſh to climb no higher; where great height is
The fall muſt needs be great. "Great height,
great depth."

ILLO.

Here you have no more buſineſs for to-morrow;
The Swedes will take poſſeſſion of the citadel.
Come, Tertſky, it is ſupper-time. What think
you?
Say, ſhall we have the State illuminated
In honour of the Swede? And who refuſes
To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

TERTSKY.

Nay! Nay! not that, it not will pleaſe the Duke—

ILLO.

What! we are maſters here; no ſoul ſhall dare
Avow himſelf imperial where we've the rule.
Gordon! Good night, and, for the laſt time, take
A fair leave of the place. Send out patroles
To make ſecure, the watch-word may be alter'd
At the ſtroke of ten; deliver in the keys
To the Duke himſelf, and then you're quit for ever
Your wardſhip of the gates, for on to-morrow
The Swedes will take poſſeſſion of the citadel.

TERTSKY. *(as he is going, to Butler.)*
You come though to the caſtle.

BUTLER.

At the right time.

(Exeunt Tertſky and Illo.)

SCENE.

SCENE VIII.

GORDON *and* BUTLER.

GORDON. (*looking after them.*)

Unhappy man! How free from all foreboding!
They ruſh into the outſpread net of murder,
In the blind drunkenneſs of victory;
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,
This overflowing and fool-hardy villain
That would fain bathe himſelf in his Emperor's blood.

BUTLER.

Do as he order'd you. Send round patroles,
Take meaſures for the citadel's ſecurity;
When they are within I cloſe the caſtle gate
That nothing may tranſpire.

GORDON. (*with earneſt anxiety.*)

Oh! haſte not ſo!
Nay, ſtop; firſt tell me——

BUTLER.

You have heard already,
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night
Alone is ours. They make good expeditions
But we will make ſtill greater. Fare you well.

GORDON.

Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler,
I pray you, promiſe me!

BUTLER.

The ſun has ſet;
A fateful evening doth deſcend upon us,
And brings on their long night! Their evil ſtars

Deliver

Deliver them unarm'd into our hands,
And from their drunken dream of golden fortunes
The dagger at their heart ſhall rouſe them. Well,
The Duke was ever a great calculator;
His fellow-men were figures on his cheſs-board,
To move and ſtation, as his game requir'd.
Other men's honour, dignity, good name,
Did he ſhift like pawns, and made no conſcience
of it:
Still calculating, calculating ſtill,
And yet at laſt his calculation proves
Erroneous; the whole game is loſt; and lo!
His own life will be found among the forfeits.

GORDON.

O think not of his errors now; remember
His greatneſs, his munificence, think on all
The lovely features of his character,
On all the noble exploits of his life,
And let them, like an angels' arm, unſeen
Arreſt the lifted ſword.

BUTLER.

It is too late.
I ſuffer not myſelf to feel compaſſion,
Dark thoughts and bloody are my *duty* now:
(graſping Gordon's hand.)
Gordon! 'Tis not my hatred (I pretend not
To love the Duke, and have no cauſe to love him)
Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me
To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.
Hoſtile concurrences of many events
Control and ſubjugate me to the office.

In

In vain the human being meditates
Free action. He is but the wire-work'd * puppet
Of the blind power, which out of his own choice
Creates for him a dread neceſſity.
What too would it avail him, if there were
A ſomething pleading for him in my heart—
Still I muſt kill him.

GORDON.

If your heart ſpeak to you,
Follow its impulſe. 'Tis the voice of God.
Think you your fortunes will grow proſperous
Bedew'd with blood, his blood? Believe it not!

BUTLER.

You know not. Aſk not! Wherefore ſhould it happen,
That the Swedes gain'd the victory, and haſten
With ſuch forc'd marches hitherward? Fain would I
Have given him to the Emperor's mercy.—Gordon!
I do not wiſh his blood—But I muſt ranſom
The honour of my word—it lies in pledge—
And he muſt die, or——
(paſſionately graſping Gordon's hand.)
Liſten then, and know!
I am *diſhonour'd* if the Duke eſcape us.

GORDON.

O! to ſave ſuch a man——

* We doubt the propriety of putting ſo blaſphemous a ſentiment in the mouth of any character. T.

BUTLER.

BUTLER.

What!

GORDON.

It is worth
A ſacrifice.—Come, friend! be noble-minded!
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honour.

BUTLER. *(with a cold and haughty air.)*

He is a great Lord,
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance.
This is what you would ſay? Wherein concerns it
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
Whether the man of low extraction keeps
Or blemiſhes his honour—
So that the man of princely rank be ſav'd.
We all do ſtamp our value on ourſelves.
The price we challenge for ourſelves is given us.
There does not live on earth the man ſo ſtation'd,
That I deſpiſe myſelf compar'd with him.
Man is made great or little by his own will,
Becauſe I am true to mine, therefore he dies.

GORDON.

I am endeavouring to move a rock.
Thou hadſt a mother, yet no human feelings.
I cannot hinder you, but may ſome God
Reſcue him from you!

[*Exit Gordon.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

BUTLER. (*alone.*)

I treaſur'd my good name all my life long;
The Duke has cheated me of life's beſt jewel,
So that I bluſh before this poor weak Gordon!
He prizes above all his fealty;
His conſcious ſoul accuſes him of nothing;
In oppoſition to his own ſoft heart
He ſubjugates himſelf to an iron duty.
Me in a weaker moment paſſion warp'd;
I ſtand beſide him, and muſt feel myſelf
The worſe man of the two. What, though the world
Is ignorant of my purpos'd treaſon, yet
One man does know it, and can prove it too—
High-minded Piccolomini!
There lives the man who can diſhonour me!
This ignominy blood alone can cleanſe!
Duke Friedland, thou or I—Into my own hands
Fortune delivers me—The deareſt thing a man has is himſelf.

(*The curtain drops.*)

ACT IV.

Scene, Butler's Chamber.

SCENE I.

BUTLER, MAJOR, *and* GERALDIN.

BUTLER.

Find me twelve ſtrong Dragoons, arm them with pikes,
For there muſt be no firing——
Conceal them ſomewhere near the banquet-room,
And ſoon as the deſert is ſerv'd up, ruſh all in
And cry—Who is loyal to the Emperor?
I will overturn the table—while you attack
Illo and Tertſky, and diſpatch them both.
The caſtle-palace is well barr'd and guarded,
That no intelligence of this proceeding
May make its way to the Duke.—Go inſtantly;
Have you yet ſent for Captain Devereux
And the Macdonald?——

GERALDIN.

They'll be here anon.

[*Exit Geraldin.*

BUTLER.

Here's no room for delay. The citizens
Declare for him, a dizzy drunken ſpirit
Poſſeſſes the whole town. They ſee in the Duke

A Prince of peace, a founder of new ages
And golden times. Arms too have been given out
By the town-council, and an hundred citizens
Have volunteer'd themſelves to ſtand on guard.
Diſpatch then be the word. For enemies
Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.

BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVEREUX, *and* MACDONALD.

MACDONALD.

Here we are, General.

DEVEREUX.

What's to be the watchword?

BUTLER.

Long live the Emperor!

BOTH. *(recoiling.)*

How?

BUTLER.

Live the Houſe of Auſtria!

DEVEREUX.

Have we not ſwore fidelity to Friedland?

MACDONALD.

Have we not march'd to this place to protect him?

BUTLER.

Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy!

DEVEREUX.

Why, yes! in his name you adminiſter'd
Our oath.

MAC-

MACDONALD.

And follow'd him yourſelf to Egra.

BUTLER.

I did it the more ſurely to deſtroy him.

DEVEREUX.

So, then!

MACDONALD.

An alter'd caſe!

BUTLER. *(to Devereux.)*

Thou wretched man!
So eaſily leav'ſt thou thy oath and colours?

DEVEREUX.

The devil!—I but follow'd your example,
If you could prove a villain, why not we?

MACDONALD.

We've nought to do with *thinking*—that's your buſineſs.
You are our General, and give out the orders;
We follow you, tho' the track lead to hell.

BUTLER. *(appeaſed.)*

Good then! we know each other.

MACDONALD.

I ſhould hope ſo.

DEVEREUX.

Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids moſt,
He has us.

MACDONALD.

'Tis e'en ſo!

BUTLER.

Well, for the preſent
Ye muſt remain honeſt and faithful ſoldiers.

DEVEREUX.

We wiſh no other.

BUTLER.

Aye, and make your fortunes.

MACDONALD.

That is ſtill better.

BUTLER.

Liſten!

BOTH.

We attend.

BUTLER.

It is the Emperor's will and ordinance
To ſeize the perſon of the Prince-Duke Friedland,
Alive or dead.

DEVEREUX.

It runs ſo in the letter.

MACDONALD.

Alive or dead—theſe were the very words.

BUTLER.

And he ſhall be rewarded from the State
In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.

DEVEREUX.

Ay? That ſounds well. The *words* ſound always well
That travel hither from the Court. Yes! yes!
We know already what Court-words import.
A golden chain perhaps in ſign of favour,
Or an old charger, or a parchment patent,
And ſuch like.—The Prince-Duke pays better.

MAC-

MACDONALD.

Yes,
The Duke's a ſplendid paymaſter.

BUTLER.

All over
With that, my friends! His lucky ſtars are ſet.

MACDONALD.

And is that certain?

BUTLER.

You have my word for it.

DEVEREUX.

His lucky fortunes all paſt by?

BUTLER.

For ever.
He is as poor as we.

MACDONALD.

As poor as we?

DEVEREUX.

Macdonald, we'll deſert him.

BUTLER.

We'll deſert him?
Full twenty thouſand have done that already;
We muſt do more, my countrymen! In ſhort—
We—we muſt kill him.

BOTH. *(ſtarting back.)*

Kill him!

BUTLER.

Yes! muſt kill him.
And for that purpoſe have I choſen you.

BOTH.

Us!

BUTLER.

You, Captain Devereux, and the Macdonald.

DEVEREUX. (*after a pauſe.*)

Chuſe you ſome other.

BUTLER.

What? art daſtardly?
Thou, with full thirty lives to anſwer for—
Thou conſcientious of a ſudden?

DEVEREUX.

Nay,
To aſſaſſinate our Lord and General—

MACDONALD.

To whom we've ſworn a ſoldier's oath—

BUTLER.

The oath
Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.

DEVEREUX.

No, no! It is too bad!

MACDONALD.

Yes, by my ſoul!
It is too bad. One has a conſcience too—

DEVEREUX.

If it were not our Chieftain, who ſo long
Has iſſued the commands, and claim'd our duty.

BUTLER.

Is that the objection?

DEVEREUX.

Were it my own father,
And the Emperor's ſervice ſhould demand it of me,

It

It might be done perhaps—But we are ſoldiers,
And to aſſaſſinate our Chief Commander,
That is a ſin, a foul abomination,
From which no Monk or Confeſſor abſolves us.

BUTLER.

I am your Pope, and give you abſolution.
Determine quickly!

DEVEREUX.

'Twill not do!

MACDONALD.

'Twont do!

BUTLER.

Well, off then! and—ſend Peſtalutz to me.

DEVEREUX. (*heſitates.*)

The Peſtalutz—

MACDONALD.

What may you want with him?

BUTLER.

If you reject it, we can find enough—

DEVEREUX.

Nay, if he muſt fall, we may earn the bounty
As well as any other. What think you,
Brother Macdonald?

MACDONALD.

Why if he *muſt* fall,
And *will* fall, and it can't be otherwiſe,
One would not give place to this Peſtalutz.

DEVEREUX. *(after ſome reflection.)*

When do you purpoſe he ſhould fall?

BUTLER.

This night.
To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.

DEVEREUX.

You take upon you all the conſequences!

BUTLER.

I take the whole upon me.

DEVEREUX.

And it is
The Emperor's will, his expreſs abſolute will?
For we have inſtances, that folks may like
The murder, and yet hang the murderer.

BUTLER.

The manifeſto ſays—alive or dead.
Alive—'tis not poſſible—you ſee it is not.

DEVEREUX.

Well, dead then! dead! But how can we come at him?
The town is fill'd with Tertſky's ſoldiery.

MACDONALD.

Ay! and then Tertſky ſtill remains, and Illo—

BUTLER.

With theſe we ſhall begin—you underſtand me?

DEVEREUX.

How? And muſt they too periſh?

BUTLER.

They the firſt.

MACDONALD.

Hear, Devereux! A bloody evening this.

DEVEREUX.

Have you a man for that? Commiſſion me—

BUT-

BUTLER.

'Tis given in truſt to Major Geraldin;
This is a carnival night, and there's a feaſt
Given at the Caſtle—there we ſhall ſurprize them,
And hew them down. The Peſtalutz, and Leſley,
Have that commiſſion—ſoon as that is finiſh'd—

DEVEREUX.

Hear, General! It will be all one to you.
Hark'e! let me exchange with Geraldin.

BUTLER.

'Twill be the leſſer danger with the Duke.

DEVEREUX.

Danger! The devil! What do you think me, General?
'Tis the Duke's eye, and not his ſword, I fear.

BUTLER.

What can his eye do to thee?

DEVEREUX.

Death and hell!
Thou know'ſt that I'm no milk-ſop, General!
But 'tis not eight days, ſince the Duke did ſend me
Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat
Which I have on! and then for him to ſee me
Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,
That eye of his looking upon this coat—
Why—why—the devil fetch me! I'm no milk-ſop!

BUTLER.

The Duke preſented thee this good warm coat,
And thou, a needy wight, haſt pangs of conſcience
To run him through the body in return.
A coat that is far better and far warmer
Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's mantle.
How doth he thank the Emperor? With revolt,
And treaſon.

DEVEREUX.

That is true. The devil take
Such thankers! I'll diſpatch him.

BUTLER.

And would'ſt quiet
Thy conſcience, thou haſt nought to do but ſimply
Pull off the coat; ſo can'ſt thou do the deed
With light heart and good ſpirits.

DEVEREUX.

You are right.
That did not ſtrike me. I'll pull off the coat—
So there's an end of it.

MACDONALD.

Yes, but there's another
Point to be thought of.

BUTLER.

And what's that, Macdonald?

MACDONALD.

What avails ſword or dagger againſt *him*?
He is not to be wounded—he is—

BUTLER. *(ſtarting up.)*

What?

MACDONALD.

Safe againſt ſhot, and ſtab and ſlaſh! Hard frozen,
Secur'd, and warranted by the black art!
His body is impenetrable, I tell you.

DEVEREUX.

In Ingleſtadt there was juſt another—
His whole ſkin was the ſame as ſteel; at laſt
We were obliged to beat him down with gun-
ſtocks.

MACDONALD.

Hear what I'll do.

DEVEREUX.

Well?

MACDONALD.

In the Cloiſter here
There's a Dominican, my countryman.
I'll make him dip my ſword and pike for me
In holy water, and ſay over them
One of his ſtrongeſt bleſſings. That's probatum!
Nothing can ſtand 'gainſt that.

BUTLER.

So do, Macdonald!
But now go and ſelect from out the regiment
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,
And let them take the oaths to the Emperor.
Then when it ſtrikes eleven, when the firſt rounds
Are paſs'd, conduct them, ſilently as may be,
To th' houſe—I will myſelf be not far off.

DEVEREUX.

But how do we get through Hartſchier and Gordon
That ſtand on guard there in the inner chamber?

BUTLER.

I have made myſelf acquainted with the place.
I lead you through a back-door that's defended
By one man only. Me my rank and office
Give acceſs to the Duke at every hour.
I'll go before you—with one poinard-ſtroke
Cut Hartſchier's wind-pipe, and make way for you.

DEVEREUX.

And when we are there, by what means ſhall we gain
The Duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming
The ſervants of the Court; for he has here
A numerous company of followers.

BUTLER.

The attendants fill the right wing; he hates buſtle,
And lodges in the left wing quite alone.

DEVEREUX.

Were it well over—hey, Macdonald? I
Feel queerly on the occaſion, devil knows!

MACDONALD.

And I too. 'Tis too great a perſonage.
People will hold us for a brace of villains.

BUTLER.

In plenty, honour, ſplendour.—You may ſafely
Laugh at the people's babble.

DEVEREUX.

If the buſineſs
Squares with one's honour—if that be quite certain—

BUTLER.

Set your hearts quite at eaſe. Ye ſave for Ferdinand
His Crown and Empire. The reward can be
No ſmall one.

DEVEREUX.

And 'tis his purpoſe to dethrone the Emperor?

BUTLER.

Yes!—Yes!—to rob him of his Crown and Life.

DEVEREUX.

And he muſt fall by the executioner's hands,
Should we deliver him up to the Emperor
Alive?

BUTLER.

It were his certain deſtiny.

DEVEREUX.

Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald, he ſhall not
Lie long in pain.

[*Exeunt Butler through one door, Macdonald and Devereux through the other.*]

SCENE III.

Scene, a gothic and gloomy Apartment at the Ducheſs Friedland's. THEKLA *on a ſeat, pale, her eyes cloſed. The* DUCHESS *and* LADY NEUBRUNN *buſied about her.* WALLENSTEIN *and the* COUNTESS *in converſation.*

WALLENSTEIN.

How knew ſhe it ſo ſoon?

COUN-

COUNTESS.

She ſeems to have
Foreboded ſome misfortune. The report
Of an engagement, in the which had fallen
A Colonel of the Imperial Army, frighten'd her.
I ſaw it inſtantly. She flew to meet
The Swediſh Courier, and with ſudden queſtioning,
Soon wreſted from him the diſaſtrous ſecret.
Too late we miſs'd her, haſtened after her,
We found her lying in his arms, all pale
And in a ſwoon.

WALLENSTEIN.

A heavy, heavy blow!
And ſhe ſo unprepar'd! Poor child! How is it?
(turning to the Ducheſs.)
Is ſhe coming to herſelf?

DUCHESS.

Her eyes are opening.

COUNTESS.

She lives.

THEKLA. *(looking round her.)*

Where am I?

WALLENSTEIN. *(ſteps to her, raiſing her up in his arms.)*

Come cheerly, Thekla! be my own brave girl!
See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in
Thy father's arms.

THEKLA. *(ſtanding up.)*

Where is he? Is he gone?

DUCHESS.

DUCHESS.

Who gone, my daughter?

THEKLA.

He—the man who utter'd
That word of miſery.

DUCHESS.

O! think not of it,
My Thekla!

WALLENSTEIN.

Give her ſorrow leave to talk!
Let her complain—mingle your tears with her's,
For ſhe hath ſuffer'd a deep anguiſh; but
She'll riſe ſuperior to it, for my Thekla
Hath all her father's unſubdued heart.

THEKLA.

I am not ill. See, I have power to ſtand.
Why does my mother weep? Have I alarm'd her?
It is gone by—I recollect myſelf.
(ſhe caſts her eyes round the room, as ſeeking ſome one.)
Where is he? Pleaſe you, do not hide him from me.
You ſee, I have ſtrength enough: now I will hear him.

DUCHESS.

No, never ſhall this meſſenger of evil
Enter again into thy preſence, Thekla!

THEKLA.

My father—

WALLENSTEIN.

Deareſt daughter!

THEKLA.

I'm not weak—
Shortly I ſhall be quite myſelf again.
You'll grant me one requeſt?

WALLENSTEIN.

Name it, my daughter.

THEKLA.

Permit the ſtranger to be call'd to me,
And grant me leave, that by myſelf I may
Hear his report and queſtion him.

DUCHESS.

No, never!

COUNTESS.

'Tis not adviſeable—aſſent not to it.

WALLENSTEIN.

Huſh! Wherefore would'ſt thou ſpeak with him,
my daughter?

THEKLA.

Knowing the whole, I ſhall be more collected;
I will not be deceiv'd. My mother wiſhes
Only to ſpare me. I will not be ſpar'd.
The worſt is ſaid already: I can hear
Nothing of deeper anguiſh!

COUNTESS *and* DUCHESS.

Do it not.

THEKLA.

The horror overpower'd me by ſurprize.
My heart betray'd me in the ſtranger's preſence;
He was a witneſs of my weakneſs, yea,

I ſank

I ſank into his arms; and that has ſham'd me.
I muſt replace myſelf in his eſteem,
And I muſt ſpeak with him, perforce, that he,
The ſtranger, may not think ungently of me.

WALLENSTEIN.

I ſee ſhe is in the right, and am inclin'd
To grant her this requeſt of her's. Go, call him.

(*Lady Neubrunn goes to call him.*)

DUCHESS.

But I, thy mother, will be preſent—

THEKLA.

'Twere
More pleaſing to me, if alone I ſaw him:
Truſt me, I ſhall behave myſelf the more
Collectedly.

WALLENSTEIN.

Permit her her own will.
Leave her alone with him: for there are ſorrows,
Where of neceſſity the ſoul muſt be
Its own ſupport. A ſtrong heart will rely
On its own ſtrength alone. In her own boſom,
Not in her mother's arms, muſt ſhe collect
The ſtrength to riſe ſuperior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as the woman, but the heroine.

(*going.*)

COUNTESS. (*detaining him.*)

Where art thou going? I heard Tertſky ſay
That 'tis *thy* purpoſe to depart from hence
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, ye ſtay here, plac'd under the protection
Of gallant men.

COUNTESS.

O take us with you, brother.
Leave us not in this gloomy ſolitude
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The miſts of doubt
Magnify evils to a ſhape of horror.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who ſpeaks of evil? I entreat you, ſiſter,
Uſe words of better omen.

COUNTESS.

Then take us with you.
O leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to ſuch ſad omens. Heavy
And ſick within me is my heart——
Theſe walls breathe on me, like a church-yard vault.
I cannot tell you, brother, how this place
Doth go againſt my nature. Take us with you.
Come, ſiſter, join you your entreaty!—Niece,
Your's too. We all entreat you, take us with you!

WALLENSTEIN.

The place's evil omens will I change,
Making it that which ſhields and ſhelters for me
My beſt-belov'd.

LADY NEUBRUNN. (*returning.*)

The Swediſh officer.

WAL-

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave her alone with him. [*Exit.*

DUCHESS. (*to Thekla, who ſtarts and ſhivers*)

There—pale as death!—Child, 'tis impoſſible
That thou ſhould'ſt ſpeak with him. Follow thy mother.

THEKLA.

The Lady Neubrunn then may ſtay with me.

[*Exeunt Ducheſs and Counteſs.*

SCENE IV.

THEKLA, THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN, LADY NEUBRUNN.

CAPTAIN. (*reſpectfully approaching her.*)

Princeſs—I muſt entreat your gentle pardon—
My inconſiderate raſh ſpeech—How could I—

THEKLA. (*with dignity.*)

You have beheld me in my agony.
A moſt diſtreſsful accident occaſion'd
You from a ſtranger to become at once
My confidant.

CAPTAIN.

I fear you hate my preſence,
For my tongue ſpake a melancholy word.

THEKLA.

The fault is mine. Myſelf did wreſt it from you.
The horror which came o'er me interrupted
Your tale at its commencement. May it pleaſe you,
Continue it to the end.

CAPTAIN.

Princeſs, 'twill
Renew your anguiſh.

THEKLA.

I am firm.——
I *will* be firm. Well—how began the engagement?

CAPTAIN.

We lay, expecting no attack, at Neuſtadt,
Entrench'd but inſecurely in our camp,
When towards evening roſe a cloud of duſt
From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled
Into the camp, and ſounded the alarm.
Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,
Their horſes at full ſpeed, broke thro' the lines,
And leapt the trenches; but their heedleſs courage
Had borne them onward far before the others—
The infantry were ſtill at diſtance, only
The Pappenheimers followed daringly
Their daring leader——

(Thekla betrays agitation in her geſtures. The officer pauſes till ſhe makes a ſign to him to proceed.)

CAPTAIN.

Both in van and flanks
With our whole cavalry we now receiv'd them,
Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
Stretch'd out a ſolid ridge of pikes to meet them.
They neither could advance, nor yet retreat;
And as they ſtood on every ſide wedg'd in,
The Rhinegrave to their leader call'd aloud,
Inviting

Inviting a ſurrender; but their leader,
Young Piccolomini———

(*Thekla, as giddy, graſps a chair.*)

Known by his plume,
And his long hair, gave ſignal for the trenches;
Himſelf leapt firſt, the regiment all plung'd after.—
His charger, by an halbert gor'd, rear'd up,
Flung him with violence off, and over him
The horſes, now no longer to be curb'd,——

(*Thekla, who has accompanied the laſt ſpeech with all the marks of increaſing agony, trembles through her whole frame, and is falling. The Lady Neubrunn runs to her, and receives her in her arms.*)

NEUBRUNN.

My deareſt lady———

CAPTAIN.

I retire.

THEKLA.

'Tis over.
Proceed to the concluſion.

CAPTAIN.

Wild deſpair
Inſpir'd the troops with frenzy when they ſaw
Their leader periſh; every thought of reſcue
Was ſpurn'd; they fought like wounded tygers; their
Frantic reſiſtance rous'd our ſoldiery;
A murderous fight took place, nor was the conteſt
Finiſh'd before their laſt man fell.

THEKLA. *(faltering.)*
And where——
Where is—You have not told me all.

CAPTAIN. *(after a pauſe.)*
This morning
We buried him. Twelve youths of nobleſt birth
Did bear him to interment; the whole army
Follow'd the bier. A laurel deck'd his coffin;
The ſword of the deceas'd was plac'd upon it,
In mark of honour, by the Rhinegrave's ſelf.
Nor tears were wanting: for there are among us
Many, who had themſelves experienced
The greatneſs of his mind, and gentle manners;
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
Would willingly have ſav'd him; but himſelf
Made vain th' attempt—'tis ſaid he with'd to die.

NEUBRUNN. *(to Thekla, who has hidden her countenance.)*
Look up, my deareſt lady——

THEKLA.
Where is his grave?

CAPTAIN.
At Neuſtadt, lady; in a cloiſter church
Are his remains depoſited, until
We can receive directions from his father.

THEKLA.
What is the cloiſter's name?

CAPTAIN.
Saint Catharine's.

THEKLA.
And how far is it thither?

CAP-

CAPTAIN.

Near twelve leagues.

THEKLA.

And which the way?

CAPTAIN.

You go by Tirſchenreit
And Falkenberg, thro' our advanced poſts.

THEKLA.

Who
Is their commander?

CAPTAIN.

Colonel Seckendorf.

(Thekla ſteps to the table, and takes a ring from a caſket.)

THEKLA.

You have beheld me in my agony,
And ſhewn a feeling heart. Pleaſe you, accept
(giving him the ring.)
A ſmall memorial of this hour. Now go!

CAPTAIN. (*confuſed.*)

Princeſs———

(Thekla ſilently makes ſigns to him to go, and turns from him. The Captain lingers, and is about to ſpeak. Lady Neubrunn repeats the ſignal, and he retires.)

SCENE V.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

THEKLA. *(falls on Lady Neubrunn's neck.)*
Now, gentle Neubrunn, ſhew me the affection
Which thou haſt ever promis'd—prove thyſelf
My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.
This night we muſt away!

NEUBRUNN.
Away! and whither?

THEKLA.
Whither! There is but one place in the world.
Thither where he lies buried! To his coffin!

NEUBRUNN.
What would you do there?

THEKLA.
What do there?
That would'ſt thou not have aſk'd, hadſt thou e'er lov'd.
There, there is all that ſtill remains of him.
That ſingle ſpot is the whole earth to me.

NEUBRUNN.
That place of death———

THEKLA.
Is now the only place,
Where life yet dwells for me: detain me not!
Come and make preparations: let us think
Of means to fly from hence.

NEU-

NEUBRUNN.

Your father's rage——

THEKLA.

That time is paſt————
And now I fear no human being's rage.

NEUBRUNN.

The ſentence of the world! The tongue of calumny!

THEKLA.

Whom am I ſeeking? Him who is no more.
Am I then haſtening to the arms——O God!
I haſte but to the grave of the beloved.

NEUBRUNN.

And we alone, two helpleſs feeble women?

THEKLA.

We will take weapons: my arm ſhall protect thee.

NEUBRUNN.

In the dark night-time?

THEKLA.

Darkneſs will conceal us.

NEUBRUNN.

This rough tempeſtuous night——

THEKLA.

Had he a ſoft bed
Under the hoofs of his war-horſes?

NEUBRUNN.

Heaven!
And then the many poſts of the enemy!—

THEKLA.

THEKLA.

They are human beings. Miſery travels free
Through the whole earth.

NEUBRUNN.

The journey's weary length—

THEKLA.

The pilgrim, travelling to a diſtant ſhrine
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.

NEUBRUNN.

How can we paſs the gates?

THEKLA.

Gold opens them.
Go, do but go.

NEUBRUNN.

Should we be recogniz'd—

THEKLA.

In a deſpairing woman, a poor fugitive,
Will no one ſeek the daughter of Duke Friedland.

NEUBRUNN.

And where procure we horſes for our flight?

THEKLA.

My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.

NEUBRUNN.

Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?

THEKLA.

He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.

NEUBRUNN.

Dear lady! and your mother?

THEKLA.

Oh! my mother!

NEU-

NEUBRUNN.

So much as ſhe has ſuffer'd too already;
Your tender mother—Ah! how ill prepar'd
For this laſt anguiſh!

THEKLA.

Woe is me! my mother!
(pauſes.)
Go inſtantly.

NEUBRUNN.

But think what you are doing!

THEKLA.

What *can* be thought, already has been thought.

NEUBRUNN.

And being there, what purpoſe you to do?

THEKLA.

There a Divinity will prompt my ſoul.

NEUBRUNN.

Your heart, dear lady, is diſquieted!
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.

THEKLA.

To a deep quiet, ſuch as he has found.
It draws me on, I know not what to name it,
Reſiſtleſs does it draw me to his grave.
There will my heart be eas'd, my tears will flow.
O haſten, make no further queſtioning!
There is no reſt for me till I have left
Theſe walls—they fall in on me—A dim power
Drives me from hence—Oh mercy! What a feeling!

What

What pale and hollow forms are thoſe! They fill,
They crowd the place! I have no longer room here!
Mercy! Still more! More ſtill! The hideous ſwarm!
They preſs on me; they chace me from theſe walls——
Thoſe hollow, bodileſs forms of living men!

NEUBRUNN.

You frighten me ſo, lady, that no longer
I dare ſtay here myſelf. I go and call
Roſenberg inſtantly.

[*Exit Lady Neubrunn.*

SCENE VI.

THEKLA.

His ſpirit 'tis that calls me: 'tis the troop
Of his true followers, who offer'd up
Themſelves t' avenge his death: and they accuſe me
Of an ignoble loitering—*they* would not
Forſake their leader even in death—*they* died for him!
And ſhall *I* live?———
For me too was that laurel-garland twin'd
That decks his bier. Life is an empty caſket.
I throw it from me. O, my only hope;

To die beneath the hoofs of trampling ſteeds—
That is the lot of heroes upon earth!

[*Exit Thekla.* *

(*The curtain drops.*)

* The ſoliloquy of Thekla conſiſts in the original of ſix and twenty lines, twenty of which are in rhymes of irregular recurrence. I thought it prudent to abridge it, Indeed the whole ſcene between Thekla and Lady Neubrunn might, perhaps, have been omitted without injury to the play.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Scene, a Saloon, terminated by a gallery which extends far into the back-ground.

SCENE I.

WALLENSTEIN. (*ſitting at a table.*)
THE SWEDISH CAPTAIN. (*ſtanding before him.*)

WALLENSTEIN.

Commend me to your lord. I ſympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have ſeen me
Deficient in the expreſſions of that joy,
Which ſuch a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
The citadel ſhall be ſurrender'd to you
On your arrival.

[*The Swediſh Captain retires. Wallenſtein ſits loſt in thought, his eyes fix'd vacantly, and his head ſuſtain'd by his hand. The* COUNTESS TERTSKY *enters, ſtands before him awhile, unobſerved by him; at length he ſtarts, ſees her, and recollects himſelf.*]

WAL-

WALLENSTEIN.

Com'ſt thou from her? Is ſhe reſtor'd? How is ſhe?

COUNTESS.

My ſiſter tells me, ſhe was more collected
After her converſation with the Swede.
She has now retired to reſt.

WALLENSTEIN.

The pang will ſoften.
She will ſhed tears.

COUNTESS.

I find thee alter'd too,
My brother! After ſuch a victory
I had expected to have found in thee
A cheerful ſpirit. O remain *thou* firm!
Suſtain, uphold us! For our light thou art,
Our ſun.

WALLENSTEIN.

Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
Thy huſband.

COUNTESS.

At a banquet—he and Illo.

WALLENSTEIN.

(riſes and ſtrides acroſs the ſaloon.)
The night's far ſpent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

COUNTESS.

Bid me not go, O let me ſtay with thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

(*moves to the window.*)
There is a buſy motion in the Heaven,

The wind doth chace the flag upon the tower,
Faſt fly the clouds, the * ſickle of the moon,
Struggling, darts ſnatches of uncertain light.
No form of ſtar is viſible! That one
White ſtain of light, that ſingle glimm'ring yonder,
Is from Caſſiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. *(a pauſe.)* But now
The blackneſs of the troubled element hides him!
(he ſinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the diſtance.)

COUNTESS.

(looks on him mournfully, then graſps his hand.)
What art thou brooding on?

WALLENSTEIN.

Methinks,
If I but ſaw him, 'twould be well with me.

* Theſe four lines are expreſſed in the orginal with exquiſite felicity.

Am Himmel iſt geſchäftige Bewegung,
Des Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, ſchnell geht
Der Wolken Zug, *die Mondes-ſichel wankt,*
Und durch die Nacht zuckt ungewiſſe Helle.

The word "moon-ſickle," reminds me of a paſſage in Harris, as quoted by Johnſon, under the word "falcated." "The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a ſickle or reaping-hook, which is while ſhe is moving from the conjunction to the oppoſition, or from the new moon to the full; but from full to a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark *falcated.*"

The words "wanken" and "ſchweben" are not eaſily tranſlated. The Engliſh words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or pedantic, or not of ſufficiently general application.

He

He is the ſtar of my nativity,
And often marvellouſly hath his aſpect
Shot ſtrength into my heart.

COUNTESS.

Thou'lt ſee him again.

WALLENSTEIN.

(*remains for a while with abſent mind, then aſſumes a livelier manner, and turns ſuddenly to the Counteſs.*)

See him again? O never, never again.

COUNTESS.

How?

WALLENSTEIN.

He is gone—is duſt.

COUNTESS.

Whom mean'ſt thou then?

WALLENSTEIN.

He the more fortunate! yea, he hath finiſh'd!
For him there is no longer any future—
His life is bright—bright without ſpot it *was*,
And cannot ceaſe to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of miſ-hap.
Far off is he, above deſire and fear;
No more ſubmitted to the change and chance
Of the unſteady planets. O 'tis well
With *him!* but who knows what the coming hour
Veil'd in thick darkneſs brings for us!

COUNTESS.

Thou ſpeakeſt
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?

The courier had juſt left thee, as I came.
(*Wallenſtein by a motion of his hand makes ſigns to her to be ſilent*)
Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into ſunny days.
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has coſt thee. Not to day,
For the firſt time, thy friend was to thee dead;
To thee he died, when firſt he parted from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

This anguiſh will be wearied down, * I know;
What pang is permanent with man? From th' higheſt,
As from the vileſt thing of every day
He learns to wean himſelf: for the ſtrong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have loſt
In him. The bloom is vaniſh'd from my life.
For O! he ſtood beſide me, like my youth,
Transform'd for me the real to a dream,
Cloathing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vaniſh'd—and returns not.

COUNTESS.

O be not treacherous to thy own power.
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify

* A very inadequate tranſlation of the original.
" Verſchmerzen werd ich dieſen Schlag, das weiſs ich,
Dennwas verſchmerzte nicht der Menſch!"

LITERALLY.

I ſhall *grieve down* this blow, of that I'm conſcious;
What does not man grieve down?

Itſelf.

Itſelf. Thou lov'ſt and prizeſt virtues in him,
The which thyſelf did'ſt plant, thyſelf unfold.

WALLENSTEIN. (*ſtepping to the door.*)
Who interrupts us now at this late hour?
It is the Governor. He brings the keys
Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, ſiſter!

COUNTESS.
O 'tis ſo hard to me this night to leave thee—
A boding fear poſſeſſes me!

WALLENSTEIN.
Fear? Wherefore?

COUNTESS.
Should'ſt thou depart this night, and we at waking
Never more find thee!

WALLENSTEIN.
Fancies!

COUNTESS.
O my ſoul
Has long been weigh'd down by theſe dark fore-
bodings.
And if I combat and repel them waking,
They ſtill ruſh down upon my heart in dreams.
I ſaw thee yeſternight with thy firſt wife
Sit at a banquet gorgeouſly attir'd.

WALLENSTEIN.
This was a dream of favourable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

COUNTESS.
To-day I dreamt that I was ſeeking thee

In thy own chamber. As I enter'd, lo!
It was no more a chamber, the Chartreuſe
At Gitſchin 'twas, which thou thyſelf haſt founded,
And where it is thy will that thou ſhould'ſt be
Interr'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thy ſoul is buſy with theſe thoughts.

COUNTESS.

What doſt thou not believe, that oft in dreams
A voice of warning ſpeaks prophetic to us?

WALLENSTEIN.

There is no doubt that there exiſt ſuch voices.
Yet I would not call *them*
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the ſun,
Ere it is riſen, ſometimes paints its image
In the atmoſphere, ſo often do the ſpirits
Of great events ſtride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death,
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future deſtiny. The King
Felt in his breaſt the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravaillac arm'd himſelf therewith.
His quiet mind forſook him: the Phantaſma
Started him in his Louvre, chac'd him forth
Into the open air: like funeral Knells
Sounded that coronation feſtival;
And ſtill with boding ſenſe he heard the tread
Of thoſe feet, that ev'n then were ſeeking him

Through-

Throughout the ſtreets of Paris.

COUNTESS.

And to *thee*
The voice within thy ſoul bodes nothing?

WALLENSTEIN.

Nothing.
Be wholly tranquil.

COUNTESS.

And another time
I haſten'd after thee, and thou ran'ſt from me
Thro' a long ſuite, thro' many a ſpacious hall.
There ſeem'd no end of it—door creek'd and clapp'd;
I follow'd panting, but could not o'ertake thee;
When on a ſudden did I feel myſelf
Graſp'd from behind—the hand was cold, that graſp'd me—
'Twas thou, and thou did'ſt kiſs me, and there ſeem'd
A crimſon covering to envelope us.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is the crimſon tap'ſtry of my chamber.

COUNTESS. *(gazing on him.)*

If it ſhould come to that—if I ſhould ſee thee,
Who ſtandeſt now before me in the fullneſs
Of life—

(ſhe falls on his breaſt and weeps.)

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

COUNTESS.

If he *ſhould* find them, my reſolve is taken—
I bear about me my ſupport and refuge.

[*Exit Counteſs.*

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN. GORDON.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the town?

GORDON.

The town is quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

I hear a boiſterous muſic! and the Caſtle
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?

GORDON.

There is a banquet given at the Caſtle
To the Count Tertſky, and Field Marſhal Illo.

WALLENSTEIN.

In honour of the victory.—This tribe
Can ſhew their joy in nothing elſe but feaſting.
(*Rings.* *The* GROOM *of the* CHAMBER *enters.*)
Unrobe me. I will lay me down to ſleep.
(*Wallenſtein takes the keys from Gordon.*)
So we are guarded from all enemies,
And ſhut in with ſure friends.
For all muſt cheat me, or a face like this
(*Fixing his eye on Gordon.*)

Was

Was ne'er an hypocrite's maſk.
(*The Groom of the Chamber takes off his mantle, collar and ſcarf.*)

WALLENSTEIN.

Take care—what is that?

GROOM *of the* CHAMBER.

The golden chain is ſnapp'd in two.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, it has laſted long enough. Here—give it.
(*He takes and looks at the chain.*)
'Twas the firſt preſent of the Emperor.
He hung it round me in the war of Friule,
He being then Archduke; and I have worn it
Till now from habit———————————
From ſuperſtition if you will. Belike,
It was to be a Taliſman to me,
And while I wore it on my neck in faith,
It was to chain to me all my life long,
The volatile fortune, whoſe firſt pledge it was.
Well, be it ſo! Henceforward a new fortune
Muſt ſpring up for me; for the potency
Of this charm is diſſolv'd.
(*Groom of the Chamber retires with the veſtments. Wallenſtein riſes, takes a ſtride acroſs the room, and ſtands at laſt before Gordon in a poſture of meditation.*)
How the old time returns upon me! I
Behold myſelf once more at Burgau, where
We two were Pages of the Court together.
We oftentimes diſputed: thy intention
Was ever good; but thou wert wont to play

The Moraliſt and Preacher, and would'ſt rail at me—
That I ſtrove after things too high for me,
Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,
And ſtill extol to me the golden mean.
—Thy wiſdom hath been prov'd a thriftleſs friend
To thy own ſelf. See, it has made thee early
A ſuperannuated man, and (but
That my munificent ſtars will intervene)
Would let thee in ſome miſerable corner
Go out, like an untended lamp.

GORDON.

My Prince!
With light heart the poor fiſher moors his boat,
And watches from the ſhore the lofty ſhip
Stranded amid the ſtorm.

WALLENSTEIN.

Art thou already
In harbour then, old man? Well! I am not.
The unconquer'd ſpirit drives me o'er life's billows;
My planks ſtill firm, my canvaſs ſwelling proudly.
Hope is my goddeſs ſtill, and youth my inmate;
And while we ſtand thus front to front almoſt,
I might preſume to ſay, that the ſwift years
Have paſs'd by powerleſs o'er my unblanch'd hair.
(*He moves with long ſtrides acroſs the ſaloon, and remains on the oppoſite ſide over againſt Gordon.*)
Who now perſiſts in calling fortune falſe?
To me ſhe has prov'd faithful, with fond love
Took me from out the common ranks of men,

And

And like a mother goddeſs with ſtrong arm,
Carried me ſwiftly up the ſteps of life.
Nothing is common in my deſtiny,
Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares
Interpret then my life for me as 'twere
One of the undiſtinguiſhable many?
True in this preſent moment I appear
Fallen low indeed; but I ſhall riſe again.
The high flood will ſoon follow on this ebb;
The fountain of my fortune, which now ſtops
Repreſs'd and bound by ſome malicious ſtar,
Will ſoon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

GORDON.

And yet remember I the good old proverb,
"Let the night come before we praiſe the day."
I would be ſlow from long-continued fortune
To gather hope: for hope is the companion
Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.
Fear hovers round the head of proſperous men:
For ſtill unſteady are the ſcales of fate.

WALLENSTEIN. *(ſmiling.)*

I hear the very Gordon that of old
Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching;
I know well, that all ſublunary things
Are ſtill the vaſſals of viciſſitude.
The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.
This long ago the ancient Pagans knew:
And therefore of their own accord they offer'd
To themſelves injuries, ſo to atone

The

The jealouſy of their divinities:
And human ſacrifices bled to Typhon.
(after a pauſe, ſerious, and in a more ſubdued manner.)
I too have ſacrific'd to him—For me
There fell the deareſt friend, and through my fault
He fell! No joy from favourable fortune
Can overweigh the anguiſh of this ſtroke.
The envy of my deſtiny is glutted:
Life pays for life. On this pure head the light'ning
Was drawn off, which would elſe have ſhatter'd *me.*

SCENE III.

To theſe enter SENI.

WALLENSTEIN.

Is not that Seni? and beſide himſelf,
If one may truſt his looks! What brings thee hither
At this late hour, Baptiſta?

SENI.

Terror, Duke!
On thy account.

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

SENI.

Flee ere the day-break!
Truſt not thy perſon to the Swedes!

WAL-

WALLENSTEIN.

What now
Is in thy thoughts?

SENI. (*with louder voice.*)

Truſt not thy perſon to theſe Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it then?

SENI. (*ſtill more urgently.*)

O wait not the arrival of theſe Swedes!
An evil near at hand is threatening thee
From falſe friends. All the ſigns ſtand full of horror!
Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—
Yea, even now 'tis being caſt around thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

Baptiſta, thou art dreaming!—Fear befools thee.

SENI.

Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.
Come, read it in the planetaty aſpects;
Read it thyſelf, that ruin threatens thee
From falſe friends!

WALLENSTEIN.

From the falſeneſs of my friends
Has riſen the whole of my unproſperous fortunes.
The warning ſhould have come before! At preſent
I need no revelation from the ſtars
To know that.

SENI.

Come and ſee! truſt thine own eyes!
A fearful ſign ſtands in the houſe of life
An enemy; a fiend lurks cloſe behind

The

The radiance of thy planet—O be warn'd !
Deliver not thyſelf up to theſe heathens
To wage a war againſt our holy church.

WALLENSTEIN. *(laughing gently.)*

The oracle rails that way ! Yes, yes ! Now
I recollect. This junction with the Swedes
Did never pleaſe thee—lay thyſelf to ſleep,
Baptiſta ! Signs like theſe I do not fear.

GORDON. *(who during the whole of this dialogue has ſhewn marks of extreme agitation, and now turns to Wallenſtein.)*

My Duke and General ! May I dare preſume ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Speak freely.

GORDON.

What ? if 'twere no mere creation
Of fear, if God's high providence vouchſaf'd
To interpoſe its aid for your deliv'rance,
And made that mouth its organ.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye're both feveriſh !
How can miſhap come to me from the Swedes ?
They ſought this junction with me—'tis their intereſt.

GORDON. *(with difficulty ſuppreſſing his emotion.)*

But what if the arrival of theſe Swedes—
What if this were the very thing that wing'd
The ruin that is flying to your temples ?
(flings himſelf at his feet.)
There is yet time, my Prince——

SENI.

O hear him! hear him!

GORDON. *(riſes.)*

The Rhinegrave's ſtill far off. Give but the orders——
This citadel ſhall cloſe its gates upon him.
If then he will beſiege us, let him try it.
But this I ſay; he'll find his own deſtruction
With his whole force before theſe ramparts, ſooner
Than weary down the valour of our ſpirit.
He ſhall experience what a band of heroes,
Inſpirited by an heroic leader,
Is able to perform. And if indeed
It be thy ſerious wiſh to make amend
For that which thou haſt done amiſs,—this, this
Will touch and reconcile the Emperor,
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy,
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
Will ſtand yet higher in his Emperor's favour,
Than e'er he ſtood when he had never fallen.

WALLENSTEIN. (*contemplates him with ſurprize, remains ſilent awhile, betraying ſtrong emotion.*)

Gordon—your zeal and fervour lead you far.
Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
Can the Emperor pardon me: and if he could,
Yet I—I ne'er could let myſelf be pardon'd.
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
That he, my deareſt friend, would fall for me,
My firſt death-offering: and had the heart

Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,
It may be, I might have bethought myſelf.
It may be too, I might not.—Might, or might not,
Is now an idle queſtion. All too ſeriouſly
Has it begun to end in nothing, Gordon!
Let it then have its courſe.
(ſtepping to the window.)
All dark and ſilent—at the caſtle too
All is now huſh'd—Light me, Chamberlain!
(*The groom of the chamber, who had entered during the laſt dialogue, and had been ſtanding at a diſtance and liſtening to it with viſible expreſſions of the deepeſt intereſt, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himſelf at the Duke's feet,*)
And thou too! But I know why thou doſt wiſh
My reconcilement with the Emperor.
Poor man! he hath a ſmall eſtate in Cärnthen,
And fears it will be forfeited becauſe
He's in my ſervice. Am I then ſo poor,
That I no longer can indemnify
My ſervants? Well! To no one I employ
Means of compulſion. If 'tis thy belief
That fortune has fled from me, go! Forſake me.
This night for the laſt time mayſt thou unrobe me,
And then go over to thy Emperor.
Gordon, good night! I think to make a long
Sleep of it: for the ſtruggle and the turmoil
Of this laſt day or two was great. May't pleaſe you!

Take

Take care that they awake me not too early.

[*Exit Wallenſtein, the Groom of the Chamber lighting him. Seni follows. Gordon remains on the darken'd ſtage, following the Duke with his eye, till he diſappears at the farther end of the gallery: then by his geſtures the old man expreſſes the depth of his anguiſh, and ſtands leaning againſt a pillar.*

SCENE IV.

GORDON, BUTLER. (*at firſt behind the ſcenes.*)

BUTLER. (*not yet come into view of the ſtage.*)

Here ſtand in ſilence till I give the ſignal.

GORDON. (*ſtarts up.*)

'Tis he, he has already brought the murderers.

BUTLER.

The lights are out. All lies in profound ſleep.

GORDON.

What ſhall I do, ſhall I attempt to ſave him?
Shall I call up the houſe? Alarm the guards?

BUTLER. (*appears, but ſcarcely on the ſtage.*)

A light gleams hither from the corridor.
It leads directly to the Duke's bed-chamber.

GORDON.

But then I break my oath to the Emperor!
If he eſcape and ſtrengthen the enemy,

Do I not hereby call down on my head
All the dread conſequences?

BUTLER. *(ſtepping forward.)*
Hark! Who ſpeaks there?

GORDON.

'Tis better, I reſign it to the hands
Of Providence. For what am I, that *I*
Should take upon myſelf ſo great a deed?
I have not murder'd him, if he be murder'd;
But all his reſcue were *my* act and deed;
Mine—and whatever be the conſequences,
I muſt ſuſtain them.

BUTLER. (*advances.*)
I ſhould know that voice.

GORDON.

Butler!

BUTLER.

'Tis Gordon. What do *you* want here?
Was it ſo late then, when the Duke diſmiſs'd you?

GORDON.

Your hand bound up and in a ſcarf?

BUTLER.

'Tis wounded.
That Illo fought as he was frantic, till
At laſt we threw him on the ground.

GORDON. *(ſhuddering.)*
Both dead?

BUTLER.

Is he in bed?

GOR-

GORDON.

Ah, Butler!

BUTLER.

Is he? ſpeak.

GORDON.

He ſhall *not* periſh! Not through you! The Heaven
Refuſes *your* arm. See—'tis wounded!—

BUTLER.

There is no need of *my* arm.

GORDON.

The moſt guilty
Have periſh'd, and enough is given to juſtice.
(The Groom of the Chamber advances from the gallery, with his finger on his mouth, commanding ſilence.)

GORDON.

He ſleeps! O murder not the holy ſleep!

BUTLER.

No! he ſhall die awake.
(is going.)

GORDON.

His heart ſtill cleaves
To earthly things: he's not prepar'd to ſtep
Into the preſence of his God!

BUTLER. *(going.)*

God's merciful!

GORDON. *(holds him.)*

Grant him but this night's reſpite.

BUTLER. (*hurrying off.*)
The next moment
May ruin all.

GORDON. (*holds him ſtill.*)
One hour!———

BUTLER.
Unhold me! What
Can that ſhort reſpite profit him?

GORDON.
O—Time
Works miracles. In one hour many thouſands
Of grains of ſand run out; and quick as they,
Thought follows thought within the human ſoul.
Only one hour! *Your* heart may change its purpoſe,
His heart may change its purpoſe—ſome new tidings
May come; ſome fortunate event, deciſive,
May fall from Heaven and reſcue him! O what
May not one hour achieve!

BUTLER.
You but remind me,
How precious every minute is!
(*he ſtamps on the floor.*)

SCENE

SCENE V.

To theſe enter MACDONALD, *and* DEVEREUX, *with the* HALBERDIERS.

GORDON. *(throwing himſelf between him and them.)*

No, monſter!
Firſt over my dead body thou ſhalt tread.
I will not live to ſee the accurſed deed!

BUTLER. *(forcing him out of the way.)*

Weak-hearted dotard!

(*trumpets are heard in the diſtance.*)

DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD.

Hark! The Swediſh trumpets!
The Swedes before the ramparts! Let us haſten!

GORDON. (*ruſhes out.*)

O God of mercy!

BUTLER. (*calling after him.*)

Governor, to your poſt!

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER. *(hurries in.)*

Who dares make larum here? Huſh! The Duke ſleeps.

DEVEREUX. *(with loud harſh voice.)*

Friend, it is time now to make larum.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.

Help!
Murder!

BUTLER.

Down with him !

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER, *(run through the body by Devereux, falls at the entrance of the gallery.)*

Jeſus Maria !

BUTLER.

Burſt the doors open !

(they ruſh over the body into the gallery—two doors are heard to craſh one after the other —Voices deadened by the diſtance—Claſh of arms—then all at once a profound ſilence.)

SCENE VI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY. *(with a light.)*

Her bed-chamber is empty; ſhe herſelf
Is nowhere to be found ! The Neubrunn too,
Who watch'd by her, is miſſing. If ſhe ſhould
Be flown—But whither flown ? We muſt call up
Every ſoul in the houſe. How will the Duke
Bear up againſt theſe worſt bad tidings ? O
If that my huſband now were but return'd
Home from the banquet : Hark ! I wonder whether
The Duke is ſtill awake ! I thought I heard
Voices and tread of feet here ! I will go
And liſten at the door. Hark ! What is that ?
'Tis haſtening up the ſteps !

SCENE

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS, GORDON.

GORDON. *(ruſhes in out of breath.)*
'Tis a miſtake,
'Tis not the Swedes—Ye muſt proceed no further—
Butler! O God! Where is he?
(then obſerving the Counteſs.)
Counteſs! Say——

COUNTESS.
You are come then from the caſtle? Where's my huſband?

GORDON. *(in an agony of affright.)*
Your huſband!—Aſk not!—To the Duke—

COUNTESS.
Not till
You have diſcover'd to me——

GORDON.
On this moment
Does the world hang. For God's ſake! to the Duke.
While we are ſpeaking—
(calling loudly.)
Butler! Butler! God!

COUNTESS.
Why, he is at the caſtle with my huſband.
(Butler comes from the gallery.)

GORDON.
'Twas a miſtake—'Tis not the Swedes—It is
The Imperialiſt's Lieutenant-General

Has ſent me hither, will be here himſelf
Inſtantly.—You muſt not proceed.

BUTLER.

He comes
Too late.

(*Gordon daſhes himſelf againſt the wall.*)

GORDON.

O God of mercy!

COUNTESS.

What too late?
Who will be here himſelf? Octavio
In Egra? Treaſon! Treaſon! Where's the Duke?

(*She ruſhes to the gallery.*)

SCENE VIII.

(*Servants run acroſs the ſtage full of terror. The whole Scene muſt be ſpoken entirely without pauſes.*)

SENI. (*from the gallery.*)

O bloody frightful deed!

COUNTESS.

What is it, Seni?

PAGE. (*from the gallery.*)

O piteous ſight!

(*Other ſervants haſten in with torches.*)

COUNTESS.

What is it? For God's ſake!

SENI.

SENI.

And do *you* aſk?
Within the Duke lies murder'd—and your huſband
Aſſaſſinated at the Caſtle.

(*The Counteſs ſtands motionleſs.*)

FEMALE SERVANT, (*ruſhing acroſs the ſtage.*)

Help! Help! the Ducheſs!

BURGOMASTER. (*enters.*)

What meant theſe confus'd
Loud cries, that wake the ſleepers of this houſe?

GORDON.

Your houſe is curs'd to all eternity.
In your houſe doth the Duke lie murdered!

BURGOMASTER. (*ruſhing out.*)

Heaven forbid!

FIRST SERVANT.

Fly! fly! they murder us all!

SECOND SERVANT. (*carrying ſilver plate.*)

That way! The lower
Paſſages are block'd up.

VOICE. (*from behind the Scene.*)

Make room for the Lieutenant-General!

(*At theſe words the Counteſs ſtarts from her ſtupor, collects herſelf, and retires ſuddenly.*)

VOICE. (*from behind the Scene.*)

Keep back the people! Guard the door.

SCENE IX.

To theſe enters OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *with all his train. At the ſame time* DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD *enter from out the Corridor with the Halberdiers.* WALLENSTEIN'S *dead body is carried over the back part of the ſtage, wrapped in a piece of crimſon tapeſtry.*

OCTAVIO. (*entering abruptly.*)

It muſt not be! It is not poſſible!
Butler! Gordon!
I'll not believe it. Say no!

GORDON,

(*Without anſwering, points with his hand to the body of Wallenſtein as it is carried over the back of the ſtage. Octavio looks that way, and ſtands overpowered with horror.*)

DEVEREUX. (*to Butler.*)

Here is the golden fleece—the Duke's ſword—

MACDONALD.

Is it your order?

BUTLER. (*pointing to Octavio.*)

Here ſtands he who now
Hath the ſole power to iſſue orders.

(DEVEREUX *and* MACDONALD *retire with marks of obeiſance. One drops away after the other, till only Butler, Octavio, and Gordon remain on the ſtage.*)

OC-

OCTAVIO. *(turning to Butler.)*

Was that my purpoſe, Butler, when we parted?
O God of Juſtice!
To thee I lift my hand! I am not guilty
Of this foul deed.

BUTLER.

Your *hand* is pure. You have
Avail'd yourſelf of mine.

OCTAVIO.

Mercileſs man!
Thus to abuſe the orders of thy Lord—
And ſtain thy Emperor's holy name with murder,
With bloody, moſt accurs'd aſſaſſination?

BUTLER. *(calmly.)*

I've but fulfill'd the Emperor's own ſentence.

OCTAVIO.

O curſe of Kings,
Infuſing a dread life into their words,
And linking to the ſudden tranſcient thought
The unchangeable irrevocable deed.
Was there neceſſity for ſuch an eager
Deſpatch? Could'ſt thou not grant the merciful
A time for mercy? Time is man's good Angel.
To leave no interval between the ſentence,
And the fulfilment of it, doth beſeem
God only, the immutable!

BUTLER.

For what
Rail you againſt me? What is my offence?
The Empire from a fearful enemy

Have

Have I deliver'd, and expect reward.
The ſingle difference betwixt you and me
Is this: you plac'd the arrow in the bow;
I pull'd the ſtring. You ſow'd blood, and yet ſtand
Aſtoniſh'd that blood is come up. I always
Knew what I did, and therefore no reſult
Hath power to frighten or ſurprize my ſpirit;
Have you aught elſe to order; for this inſtant
I make my beſt ſpeed to Vienna; place
My bleeding ſword before my Emperor's Throne,
And hope to gain the applauſe which undelaying
And punctual obedience may demand
From a juſt Judge. [*Exit Butler.*

SCENE X.

To theſe enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY, *pale and diſordered. Her utterance is ſlow and feeble, and unempaſſioned.*

OCTAVIO. (*meeting her.*)

O Counteſs Tertſky! Theſe are the reſults
Of luckleſs unbleſt deeds.

COUNTESS.

They are the fruits
Of your contrivances. The Duke is dead,
My huſband too is dead, the Ducheſs ſtruggles
In the pangs of death, my niece has diſappear'd.
This houſe of ſplendour, and of princely glory,
Doth now ſtand deſolated: the affrighted ſervants
Ruſh

Ruſh forth thro' all its doors. I am the laſt
Therein; I ſhut it up, and here deliver
The keys.

OCTAVIO. *(with a deep anguiſh.)*
O Counteſs! my houſe too is deſolate.

COUNTESS.
Who next is to be murder'd? Who is next
To be maltreated? Lo! The Duke is dead.
The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified!
Spare the old ſervants; let not their fidelity
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime—
The evil deſtiny ſurpriz'd my brother
Too ſuddenly: he could not think on them.

OCTAVIO.
Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment!
The Emp'ror is appeas'd; the heavy fault
Hath heavily been expiated—nothing
Deſcended from the father to the daughter,
Except his glory and his ſervices.
The Empreſs honours your adverſity,
Takes part in your afflictions, opens to you
Her motherly arms! Therefore no farther fears!
Yield yourſelf up in hope and confidence
To the Imperial Grace!

COUNTESS.
(with her eye rais'd to heaven.)
To the grace and mercy of a greater Maſter
Do I yield up myſelf.—Where ſhall the body
Of the Duke have its place of final reſt?

In the Chartreuſe, which he himſelf did found
At Gitſchin, reſts the Counteſs Wallenſtein;
And by her ſide, to whom he was indebted
For his firſt fortunes, gratefully he wiſh'd
He might ſometime repoſe in death! O let him
Be buried there. And likewiſe, for my huſband's
Remains, I aſk the like grace. The Emperor
Is now proprietor of all our Caſtles.
This ſure may well be granted us—one ſepulchre
Beſide the ſepulchres of our forefathers!

OCTAVIO.

Counteſs, you tremble, you turn pale!

COUNTESS.

(*reaſſembles all her powers, and ſpeaks with energy and dignity.*)

You think
More worthily of me, than to believe
I would ſurvive the downfal of my houſe.
We did not hold ourſelves too mean, to graſp
After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate
Deny, but not the feeling and the ſpirit
That to the crown belong! We deem a
Courageous death more worthy of our free ſtation
Than a diſhonoured life.—I have taken poiſon.

OCTAVIO.

Help! Help! Support her!

COUNTESS.

Nay, it is too late.
In a few moments is my fate accompliſh'd.
[*Exit Counteſs.*

GORDON.

O Houſe of death and horrors!

(An officer enters, and brings a letter with the great Seal.)

GORDON. *(ſteps forward and meets him.)*

What is this?

It is the Imperial Seal.

(He reads the Addreſs, and delivers the letter to Octavio with a look of reproach, and with an emphaſis on the word.)

To the *Prince* Piccolomini.

OCTAVIO. *(with his whole frame expreſſive of ſudden anguiſh, raiſes his eyes to heaven.)*

The Curtain drops.

FINIS.

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